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# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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## LIFE'S PURPOSE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"For I am willing both to spend and be spent."
"Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."

"Spend and be spent for others' sake!"
When once this joy is known,
'Twere hard its sweetness to forsake
And live for self alone.

Not mine, alas! to have attained
Such loftiness of soul;
But thither fain my steps would tend
As to their distant goal.

Thus sometimes 'neath eternal Rome,
One who has dared too far,
Lost in some endless catacomb,
Beholds a glimmering star;

And presses on with eager eyes,
Still toward that pale, dim ray,
For there he knows the portal lies
To broad and glorious day.

Thou, who hast hid its radiance shine,
In mercy grant *me* too,
A lost and wandering child of Thine,
To keep this light in view.

To note it still less far before,
To watch it grow for aye,
"The light that shineth more and more
Unto the perfect day."

JULIA S. TUTWILER.

## PRIVATE DUKE MORRISON.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MARY J. ALLEN.

"Confound it! It's too bad that I must leave half my men here to guard this handful of Yankee prisoners, just when I need every man that I can muster to go on this expedition?" and the young Confederate officer, Captain Dane of the —th Mississippi Cavalry, C. S. A., beat an important tattoo upon the pavement with his spurred bootheel, as he glanced at the jail-like building where a dozen Federal soldiers, captured in a fight the day before, were confined.

A dozen tired, hungry men, some of them wounded, their uniform dusty and blood-stained, all sad and discouraged. I said "all," but there was one man among them to whom that word "discouraged" would hardly apply as he sat there, a little apart from the rest, his back against the wall, one hand supporting his head—a kingly head, the dark hair closely trimmed army-fashion, and a look of cool determination in the resolute, sun-browned face.

He wore no insignia of military rank—no straps upon his shoulders, not even the chevron of a sergeant upon his sleeve. He was not entitled to wear anything of the kind, for he was only a private, on the muster-roll of his company, "Private Duke Morrison."

He sat there quietly enough, though he must have suffered intensely, for there was a ghastly looking sabre-cut on his shoulder, and no surgeon had arrived to dress the wounds of those men, though twelve hours had elapsed since they had been brought by railway to that little town in the interior for safekeeping. But Duke Morrison was too proud to complain, though every breath he drew was keen torture; and in the face of this stubborn endurance the rest were ashamed to make much ado over their own sufferings, which were severe enough, poor fellows!

Captain Dane had said to them, with real regret in his voice, and something very like admiring approval in his black eyes—being a soldier himself he could understand and appreciate the grim pride that forbade complaint in the presence of enemies,—

"I'm truly sorry that I can't get medical help for you at once. Our surgeons are all at a distance—but I shall do the best I can for you. I have sent for two physicians, who live some miles from here and understand surgery tolerably well."

There was a ray of comfort in this, but it had died out as the hours wore on and no help arrived.

"If I could only think of some way to get over the difficulty," said Captain Dane, thoughtfully, stroking his moustache.

"Draw them up in line, captain, and shoot them as they deserve," suggested the second lieutenant of the company, a sort of gentlemanly ruffian, who had obtained his commission more by family influence than any fitness he had ever been known to exhibit for the office.

Captain Dane gave his subordinate a look that somewhat abashed the fellow.

"We are not savages, Lieutenant Montruy, and don't murder prisoners of war in cold blood."

Lieutenant Montruy touched his cap and withdrew, muttering something as he went about "Not being so very particular about what became of the Yankee dogs."

"What was that you were saying about murdering prisoners of war?" inquired an old gentleman, who had just descended from a carriage and was now shaking hands with the Confederate captain.

"You here, father? I'm very glad indeed to see you." And then the young man repeated the remark of which the elder had heard a part, and also the quandary he was in with regard to the captured Federals, and the pressing necessity that *all* of his own men should be ready to start with him at sundown.

Judge Dane considered a little.

"You might quarter your prisoners on some of the families in the neighborhood. There are twelve of them, you say. It would be easy to find that many men who could be trusted to take care of these fellows till you could spare time to make some other arrangement. I will be responsible for one of them.

This suggestion and offer were acted upon immediately. It was not difficult, as Judge Dane had said, to find responsible persons, true citizens of the Confederacy, who were willing to take charge of the prisoners for as long a time as Captain Dane might find necessary. By the middle of the afternoon they were all billeted, much to that officer's relief, and Duke Morrison entered Judge Dane's carriage, the rebel captain having assigned him to his father's care.

The prisoner had said, "I must tell you in advance, sir, that I shall embrace the first opportunity that presents itself for escape."

"That's plain and fair, Mr. Morrison—and I like a fair understanding between man and man. I shall take care that no such opportunity as you speak of presents itself," replied the judge—secretly thinking as he noticed the young soldier's flushed face, and laid his fingers on the pulse, bounding now with fever, that it would not be strange if the brave spirit were compelled to succumb to a power mightier than the Southern Confederacy.

"I shall have a physician to see you as soon as I reach home. That wound has been neglected so long that you are in for a fever, I'm afraid. Mac has had men scouring the country for medical help, but the physicians declined to come because—"

The judge hesitated.

"Because we were Yankee soldiers! And you call that chivalry, I suppose," retorted Duke, with indignant emphasis.

"No, I don't," testily. "A true-born Southerner scorns such pettiness as that."

Duke Morrison did not reply—only leaned his head back wearily against the cushions, and the carriage rolled swiftly on over the four miles of level, dusty road, that intervened between the town and Dalcoulegh, Judge Dane's residence; turning at last into a shaded lane, and from that into a winding carriage-way, which ended at the house, a large building with wide, cool piazzas and lovely hanging balconies—the whole standing in a sea of greenery.

All was still save the tinkling of a piano. That ceased as they approached, and a woman came down the steps—a lovely woman, clad in a dress of some misty, cloud-like stuff that swayed and floated as she walked. A gold bracelet clasped one round arm—the only ornament she wore save a knot of ribbons on her breast, the rebel white and red: "White as our honor, red as the heart's blood of our enemies."

She came floating down the steps in her graceful way, but stopped as she became aware that her father was not alone, and the bloom and brightness went out of her face as she caught sight of the detested Federal uniform, for Miss Myra Dane was a consistent rebel, and hated the Northern troops with a very cordial and sincere hatred.

With the instinct of a gentleman, Duke Morrison lifted his hat. The salutation was responded to with lady-like grace, but the glance which met his own was so manifestly unfriendly that he colored, with a sense of having intruded—against his will, to be sure—into a place where he was not by any means welcome.

There were no obtrusive manifestations of dislike, however, none of that ridiculous pantomime which some Southern women affected in order to show their hatred and contempt for "Lincoln hirelings;" no curling of red lips or hasty withdrawal of dainty skirts from possible contact with the soiled uniform of the soldier. Myra Dane was a lady, and, being one, could not descend to be rude even to an enemy; and an enemy Duke Morrison was in her eyes, an enemy and a dangerous one.

She looked on very quietly while two of the servants assisted him out of the carriage and into the house; for by this time he was quite unable to stand. He tried to steady himself and walk without help, but objects grew dim and indistinct, before his eyes; the servants, the furniture, the white-haired judge and his beautiful daughter seemed revolving about him; then came total unconsciousness; and an hour later he was delirious.

"A fine-looking fellow," muttered the old doctor, as he deftly dressed the wound that, neglected, had brought on this raging fever. "Talks and appears like a gentleman, too. Wonder how *he* ever came to be in the ranks."

"I don't know," responded the judge, who was himself rendering what assistance he could. "Mac says he fought like a tiger."

"Yes, anybody would know that from this," touching the firm mouth and square chin of the unconscious man.

The judge nodded.

"It seems that he was one of a squad of picked men sent down here under the command of a lieutenant to learn what they could about the disposition and strength of our forces. They did find out something which that Yankee General S—— would be glad to know; but, as good luck would have it, Mac found out what they were up to, and smart as the lieutenant thought himself, surrounded him before he knew it. Of course it was madness for them to hold out when the odds were six to one against them, but they did it. This Duke Morrison took command after the lieutenant fell, and tried to cut a way out for his men, but couldn't do that, and they finally surrendered, what there was left of them. The information they paid so dear to obtain will never do General S—— any good."

"You will have to keep a sharp lookout when this young man—Morrison, did you call him?—gets well. He'll be sure to make an effort to escape and make his information available after all."

"Trust me for that. You think he will get well?"

"Yes, certainly. With his good constitution there's nothing to hinder."

Doctor Sutton's prediction was verified—his predictions generally were, by-the-way—and at the end of four days Duke Morrison returned to consciousness.

He awoke to find himself in a large, airy chamber pleasantly furnished. A soft wind coming in through the open window swept refreshingly across his forehead, bearing a faint, delicious perfume from the wilderness of blossoming plants below. Everything in and about the room was fresh and sweet and comfortable, from the sheer muslin curtains at the windows and the snowy draperies of the bed, to the cup of scented violets on the toilet-table, and the half-dozen choice engravings upon the walls.

At the moment of waking he had thought himself alone, but presently a voice broke the quiet—a woman's voice, touched with the barbaric accent, and the strange sweetness, that are the heritage of the down-trodden children of Africa. The words were spoken very low, but in the silence that reigned there every word was distinctly audible to the man in whose behalf that brief petition was uttered.

"Oh, Hebbenly Marster, bress de Linkum sogers. God bress *dis* soger. If he hab a mudder 'way up Norf who is watchin' an' waitin' fur her boy an' grievin', mebbe, tinkin' him dead, Lawd remember her. If he hab a wife an' little chillun comfort *dem*. Bress an' comfort *all* dat love him."

The soldier's lips trembled, and he turned his face to the wall—the quick impulse of a man who rarely yields to emotion. He need not. The petitioner was unconscious that any ear, save that One which is always open to the voice of supplication, heard her words.

"Lawd, make dis soger well an' strong agin. Help him to 'scape from de Philistines that stan' roun' him on ebery side. Put de strenf in his arm an' de faith in his soul, an' help him to get back to de friens' dat love him an' de country dat needs him.

"An' oh, Lor' hear de prayers of us pore niggers, an' do oh, God, giv de victry to de Union, an' put an en' to dis hyar wicked rebellion. Fur de name an' sake of de bressed Jesus."

"Amen," responded Duke Morrison, fervently.

The woman got up off her knees and came to the bedside, the tears streaming down her wrinkled, black cheeks.

"It was kind in you to pray for me. I hope you will do it often."

"I will, marster, I will," with a burst of sobs. "An' my ole man, too. We's been waitin' an' waitin' for de Union sogers to come. You is de fust one we's seen yet. De res' is comin', ain't dey, marster?"

"Yes, they are coming—but slowly. The rebels are strong."

The old woman stood still, looking out through the open window toward the far North, murmuring slowly, "Dey is comin'. Surely comin'." Was she listening for the roll of victorious drums, for the tread of armed men, whose coming was to be the signal of freedom to waiting thousands?

Duke Morrison wondered if this was so, looking at her rapt face and dark eyes with their wistful, solemn outlook. This woman was very old. What if she should die before the Union soldiers came? What if, like Moses, she should come so near to the borders of the Promised Land, within sight of the long-looked-for and long hoped-for Canaan, and yet be not permitted to enter in?

Her next words answered his thoughts.

"If I am called before dey come I shall know dat my chillun will have de blessing. An' Heaven is better dan freedom here."

The soldier put out his hand. He was an earnest man, given to thinking deeply upon subjects which the majority of people pass lightly over, but he had never before realized how terribly *real* the war was to this oppressed race, bound in the iron bonds of servitude, longing with an unutterable longing for freedom, hoping and praying for the success of the Union arms and the overthrow of the rebellion.

Duke Morrison was not a New Englander with abolitionism inherent in his blood. Its currents had always run cool on the subject which has set the hearts of thousands aflame with indignation, and aroused hot disputes and fierce contentions. But with him it could never be so again. He had got a glimpse at the inner, hidden life of that great class of which so very, very little has ever actually been known at the North; and he sympathised with them as he had never done in all his life before.

Seated just outside the French window, on the balcony with a book in her lap, Myra Dane had heard every word of this conversation, though neither Duke Morrison nor the nurse suspected it. But the secret—for it was a secret, which, if exposed, would have brought prompt punishment on the old slave woman, and annoying surveillance upon the prisoner—could not have been in safer hands; and after awhile, when the soldier had again fallen asleep, and Aunt Aggy was off duty for a moment, the young lady passed through the room to the hall beyond, pausing an instant, as she went, at the bedside of the sleeper.

"Poor fellow! He has friends at home who love him. What if it was Mac, a prisoner in the hands of the Federals?"

That very night she dreamed that Mac *was* a prisoner in the hands of the Federals and condemned to be shot as a spy. She seemed to hear the very words of the sentence passed upon him:—"Captain Macgregor Dane of the Confederate states army, convicted of being a spy, shall be shot dead," and awoke with a numbness about her heart and the cold damp of mortal terror on her face. Perhaps it was the recollection of this dream, and the thought of how some one in a far-off Northern home would suffer if anything happened to Duke Morrison that made her so gentle to him after that.

He convalesced rapidly, and a week later, when Captain Mac came home for a hasty visit, was able to go down and spend several hours in the parlor.

The young Confederate captain was a genial, companionable man, and the two, so nearly alike in age and mental culture, in knowledge of the world and social address, but so far apart in their views of the great national struggle, and the duties growing out of that struggle, fell into easy, pleasant talk.

They talked of books and art, of agriculture, of Europe and European politics, of everything but the one subject which was uppermost in the thoughts of both—the war. That came up after awhile, and a spirited discussion ensued into which one after another of the little party was gradually drawn; the judge, with his quick decision of speech and manner, Mrs. Dane, calm and gracious, but very much in earnest for all that; even Myra to whom many of the ideas advanced by the young Northerner were entirely new, for it was not often that she heard a radical Unionist express his sentiments.

Duke Morrison did, however, and the cool persistency with which he maintained his ground had a certain charm for the girl. She could never think as he did, never, but she did wish that he was not quite so firmly convinced that the South was in the wrong. He would have made such a splendid Confederate officer—this brave, resolute man, who expressed his opinions so clearly and forcibly, and yet so courteously, withal, that even the judge, very irascible at times, and especially so on the subject of "States Rights," kept his temper remarkably well, only saying toward the close:

"I see, Mr. Morrison, that you have plenty of New England persistency."

To be sure, New England persistency, when translated into the original vulgar, meant nothing more nor less than Yankee obstinacy. Duke Morrison said as much, adding, with a smile, "The truth is, sir, I have labored so long under the impression that black was black, that I find it difficult to believe it white."

After Captain Dane went away, the topic was not dropped. It came up every day, almost. As the Judge said: "He liked to talk with a man who compelled him to do his best under penalty of being worsted in the argument," which was one of the highest compliments Judge Dane ever paid any man in the course of his life.

Myra was often present while they talked, but after that first evening she never took part in their discussions. She liked much better to be a listener. As I told you, it was not often that she heard a radical Union man express his sentiments, and most of the facts adduced and the ideas presented on the Northern side of the question were absolutely new to her.

Duke Morrison was a fine talker, and, as I said, an earnest man; and I think it was this intense earnestness that attracted Myra so powerfully, and made her ready to believe him when he said, with a little accent of indignation, "Our men are neither cowards nor boasting braggarts, nor hirelings, as they are continually represented to be here."

Gradually as the mists of error and prejudice were swept away, she came to view the great struggle in its true light; to understand the principles that guided, and the purposes that animated the North, and to see how hopeless it must be to wage war against might and right combined, in a Government the like of which the world has never before seen—a Government upheld by a great and united people, as firm and courageous and no whit less disinterested than those who have taken up arms against it, and arrogated to themselves the title of the "Chivalry" of the land.

Lincoln hirelings! Myra's face flushed as she remembered how she had once thought the name well applied. Why, here was a man whose very presence in her father's house confuted the slander; a man of fine tastes and generous culture, who had left a lucrative business, and all the home ties and social pleasures which such men love, to fight as a common soldier in the ranks. Here was heroism and singleness of purpose worthy of the days of true knighthood.

If Judge Dane had known of this change in his daughter's feelings—but he never suspected, and it was as well, perhaps, that he did not.

And one afternoon, when the Judge and Mrs. Dane had gone to take tea in a sociable way at a neighbor's, and Myra was left to play hostess for awhile and entertain Mr. Morrison, she glided in and stood before him, as he sat reading, clad in the self-same dress she had worn that day when he first saw her, but the knot of red and white ribbon on her breast was crossed with blue.

The soldier took in its significance at once. He came forward and took her hands, smiling down upon her with a glad, triumphant light in his eyes. Her heart throbbed almost painfully under the tri-colored badge. She drew her hands away, and sat down to the piano, and once again the walls of that sumptuous room echoed to the tune, unheard there for two years, of the "Star-Spangled Banner."

Duke Morrison held his breath as he listened. He had not thought to hear those words again till he heard them inside the Federal lines.

"And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave,
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave."

Listening to the words, true prophecy of what would one day surely be, he could almost believe himself free again. Free! No man knows what that word means until he has been deprived of his liberty. Duke Morrison felt that *he* had never realized all it meant until the past four weeks.

He was a prisoner—his captivity softened by many pleasant surroundings, and the thousand nameless courtesies of refined, social life—but a prisoner for all that, bearing about with him, sleeping or waking, by night and by day, an ever-present consciousness of this.

Judge Dane, like thousands of other men at the South, honestly believed that his first and highest duty was to the Confederacy. In his opinion all purely personal and private interests were subsidiary to the more important interests of the government to which he had pledged faith and allegiance. He had given his word to the military authorities that "Private Duke Morrison, prisoner of war," should be strictly watched while in his care, and *on no account* be permitted to escape. Duke Morrison knew that the stern old man meant to redeem this promise to the letter, and to do so would not hesitate, in case of emergency, to sacrifice the life of one whose escape to the Union lines, with the information he possessed, could not fail to work disaster to the Confederate cause in that part of the country.

But he did not despair.

Plan after plan he made for escape, only to see each one frustrated, at the last moment, by some apparently trivial circumstance. I say "apparently," for he was astute enough to guess that there was no such thing as accident in the case at all, and rightfully attributed the failure of all his schemes to a watchfulness as untiring as his own. His enemy had this advantage, too, that whereas *he* from his very position there stood practically alone, absolutely dependent on his own shrewdness and what little assistance some of the negroes might be able to render him—which was very little indeed, as they had failed so often that they began to believe their master ubiquitous, and to think in a discouraged way that "Marser Morrison would have to wait till de res' of de Linkum sogers done get down hyar;" while Judge Dane, as "Lord of the manor," had spies in every direction, patrols on every road leading from the plantation.

It was an anomalous position, certainly. Treated as an equal, with all due courtesy and attention to the rights of hospitality, and yet so closely guarded that there seemed no earthly chance for escape; mingling with the family in polite, social intercourse during the day, and giving up his nights to the study of ways and means whereby to evade the eternal watch and ward kept upon him. So the days and weeks went slowly by, and still he was a prisoner.

He had never asked Miss Dane to help him. It was not that he doubted her, for he did not, but he felt that it would be hardly honorable to involve her, a weak woman, in any difficulties on his account. Among the people who surrounded him daily, and the guests who came and went, refined, well-bred people, but earnest rebels all of them, he felt that he had but one true friend—Myra. And as time passed on he grew confidential—told her of his hopes and plans—that is, those that lay beyond the bounds of the Southern Confederacy; of his home at the North; of his father, and mother, and sisters; last, of a little girl who was waiting for him; led into telling her all this by her ready sympathy and cordial interest in all that interested him. And one day he showed her a picture of "the little girl who was waiting for him."

This fair face smiling up at him from the case was not more beautiful than the one bending over it; but it was very, very different—how

different he learned to see long afterward. Duke Morrison was not a demonstrative man—men of great nerve and endurance seldom are, I think—but he kissed the picture as fondly almost as he might have kissed the original, saying, sadly, "How I wish I could hear from her, and from the rest, too, if it was only to be certain that none of them are dead in this long, long while."

News came sooner than either thought then. The very next day, Captain Mac made a flying visit, and brought with him a package of Northern papers. "They are not the latest dates, but I thought you would like to see them," he said, handing the package to Duke Morrison.

"You were kind to think of that," said the young soldier, with sparkling eyes. "Thank you heartily."

He looked them over eagerly. New York Herald, New York Tribune, Louisville Journal, Chicago Times, and there, more welcome to him than all the rest, a paper published in his own state and native city. Selecting it quickly from the rest, he went away to the farther end of the piazza to read.

The familiar heading looked like the face of an old friend. The local column was quickly devoured. The advertisements—he knew most of those men well. Then the deaths—thank Heaven! no name that he loved was there. The marriages—there was a long list of them, but he did not get farther than the first one. He read that twice, then folded up the paper. What did it matter who the rest were?

He leaned his head back against the white pillar of the portico, looking away towards the distant North. Was it strange that a hopeless look came into the lion eyes? He had worn her false face over his heart for two years. He had carried it with him into the din and shock of battle. He had built every hope in life, every dream of the future, into his love for her. And this was the end.

Myra Dane came up to him.

"Good news from home, I hope, Mr. Morrison."

He turned toward her then, and she started at the altered expression of his face. Her own grew pale, and she put out her hands to him with a swift, appealing motion.

"What is it?"

For all answer he opened the paper, and pointed to the line he had read.

"Oh! my friend! It was cruel, cruel! How *could* she?"

"I suppose she was tired of waiting for me. Or probably found some one she liked better," in a quiet, listless way. There are some hurts so deep that from their very nature there can be little outward expression of pain.

They stood together in silence.

After a while, Duke Morrison said,

"Miss Myra, I am going away to-night."

She looked up at him, white to the lips. "Going? To-night? I'm afraid you'll be recaptured—maybe killed."

"I shall not be re-captured," in the same low, quiet tone; "and as for being killed, there are worse things than death, my little friend."

She knew what he meant.

"If you *must* go, I will do what I can to help you;" and then she told him something in a tone so low, that no ear was likely to hear it but his own.

He listened intently.

"Thank you. If you could manage it—"

She put up her finger with a warning motion, and glided away.

Half an hour later, with the door of her chamber locked, to prevent possible intrusion, Myra was examining the contents of one of her wardrobes. Removing skirts and dresses, and other articles of voluminous drapery, she came at last to garments that seemed strangely out of place there—a full suit of Confederate uniform, coat, pants, and cap, all considerably worn, but still presentable.

They had belonged to her brother, the captain, who had thrown them aside as no longer fit for wear, and finding them in his room one day after one of his hasty visits, she had taken possession of them, foreseeing a time when they might be of use. No one but herself knew that those things were in that closet. They would never be missed or inquired for, so there was no danger of discovery from that source.

From a satin-lined compartment in her writing-desk, she took one hundred and fifty dollars in gold. "It is my own money. I've a right to give it to him," slipping fifteen half-eagles into a silken purse, which she placed in an inner pocket of the coat. "There, that is all that I can do to help him on his way to freedom."

They walked that evening on the lawn before the door, where the moonlight fell goldenly. Up and down the flower-bordered walks, her hand on his arm, gradually altering their course till they stood at last where a clump of evergreens cast long shadows, and an angle of the house shut them off from the possible observation of the little group seated upon the piazza.

It was not much they had to say to each other, but little as it was, it must be said quickly, for they might be interrupted at any moment. Both knew this, and yet they kept silence for a time, while the sweetness of tropic blooms was about them, and above, the eternal, unchanging stars.

Duke Morrison took his companion's hand at last.

"I had better say good-by now, Miss Myra."

She looked up at him, shivering a little, but did not speak.

"You have been my true friend, while others looked coldly on the 'Yankee soldier.' You have risked much to aid me to-night. I can never say how much I thank you. If I should not live to reach the Union lines—"

She moaned under her breath like one in mortal pain.

"Don't, please don't! It is too dreadful."

She stood a little way from him, her white hands clasping and unclasping themselves together, a look of utter loss on her face turned away mutely toward the quiet sky.

Did no suspicion of the truth cross his mind? Yes; he was beginning to understand. But no glow of triumph thrilled him at the discovery. The pain at his own heart made him tender and pitiful of her, and he gathered her close to his breast, and kissed her once.

"May God in Heaven bless and keep you, dear."

She clung to him for an instant, then withdrew herself from his arms.

Good-by. It was a hard word for them both, but hardest, I think, for her, feeling sure as she did, that in life or in death, they should never look upon each other's face again.

At the front door she bade them all good-night, and retired to her chamber. Duke Morrison lingered a few minutes with the three still sitting there, then he, too, said good-night, and went to his room; and presently the great house was dark and still.

Next morning, "Private Duke Morrison, prisoner of war," was missing.

Of course instant and thorough search was made, but no trace of him could be found. Only Peter Rice, one of the patrol guarding the road leading to the railway station, reported that a man had passed him the night before, but he had the pass-word and wore the Confederate uniform, and he thought it was Captain Dane. He had taken particular notice, he said, as his orders were imperative to let *no one* go by unchallenged, and he could swear that the man who passed him had Captain Dane's voice, and even his walk. "He was smoking a cigar; and he spoke to me—'A fine night, Rice,' pleasant like, as Captain Dane always does."

"It was not me, certainly. Some one of my men returning from a visit to his sweetheart, probably," remarked Captain Mac, carelessly. But he cast a quick, searching glance at his sister, whose eyes were turned away from him—away toward the distant river with a far-off expression that he had never seen in them before. He noticed, too, the weary, hopeless look on her face, from which all the brightness and bloom seemed to have died out—and the truth came to him like a revelation.

He was very gentle to her after this, and even to his mother he never breathed the suspicion which, in his own mind, amounted to conviction, that Myra knew more than she cared to tell about the Federal soldier's departure.

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All this was nearly two years ago. One year ago, while Sherman's army occupied Atlanta, and preparations were secretly going on for that grand movement through the heart of Georgia, two ladies applied at the head-quarters of the general commanding, for permission to pass through the lines on their way to the North.

Head-quarters was thronged that morning with people anxious to see the General on matters of more or less importance, and it was plain that these two latest comers would have to wait a little. A gentlemanly staff-officer explained this, and bowing as he placed seats for them, returned to the door and his conversation with a friend standing there.

Idle, careless talk it was—the place was too public for anything very serious or confidential; but the younger one of the two ladies started as she caught the tones of one of the voices.

"You've been down in this part of the country before, haven't you, Morrison?"

"Yes, I passed through this city nearly a year ago in Confederate uniform."

"By George! I remember now. You won your shoulder-straps that time. A daring reconnoissance, or something of that kind, wasn't it?"

His companion nodded.

His back was toward the occupants of the room, and he had not seen how at the mention of his name and the circumstance he spoke of the young lady turned quite around to look at them, then drew her veil more closely over her face and resumed her old position.

Dick Beattie had, however, and he touched his companion on the arm, speaking low,

"Morrison, I believe that girl knows you. She started as if she'd been shot, when you spoke."

Morrison turned with a little feeling of interest, but saw only two figures, plainly-dressed in black, the faces of both turned away from him.

Again Dick Beattie laid a hand on his shoulder, saying,

"Here comes the general. He'll ask their names, of course, and if they're any friends of yours, you'll know it. It's not eaves-dropping, old fellow," as Duke made a movement to leave. "People don't tell secrets in the reception room of a general's head-quarters, with a dozen strangers standing by. Wait and see who they are."

Some one passing just then, stopped to ask a question of the men at the door, so Duke Morrison lost the first words of the conversation going on in the room. The first words he did hear rivetted his attention, for he thought he recognized the voice.

"My husband died six months ago. My son is a prisoner at the North."

"Your son was in the Confederate Army then, madam?"

This from General S——, in his brusque way.

"He was."

"His name and rank?"

"Captain Macgregor Dane, of the —th Mississippi Cavalry."

The general paused while his secretary made a note of this. Meanwhile Duke Morrison stood in a kind of still amaze. Judge Dane dead, Mac in prison, and his mother and sister trying to make their way, alone and unprotected, to the North. It was all very strange.

He listened to the questions put by the cautious inquisitor, noted the replies, and when the conference was ended, and the general bowed them out, it was Duke Morrison who met them at the door, with outstretched hand and a glance so honestly cordial, that Mrs. Dane drew a deep breath of relief as she told him what an inexpressible comfort it was to meet one familiar, friendly face in that great throng.

He walked with them back to their hotel. Mrs. Dane invited him to enter, and accepting the invitation, he found himself for a brief ten minutes alone with Myra.

He watched her as she laid off her bonnet and mantle, observing how the heavy mourning robes she wore contrasted with the waxen white of her face and hands and throat. All black—not a bit of lace or ruffling, not a gleam of warm, bright color anywhere—all black.

He sat down near her with the freedom of a privileged friend, and took up the fan that lay idle in her lap.

"You are tired," he said, kindly; noticing how she laid her head back wearily against the cushions of the chair.

"A little. I'm very glad it is over—that dreaded visit to General Sherman."

"You dreaded it? If I had only known you were here, I might have saved you the trouble. You don't know how badly I wanted to step in while the general was questioning you, and tell him of the proof *you* gave long ago of your loyalty, in aiding me to escape with the information that he himself acknowledged to be of vital importance to the success of his plans."

She smiled.

"I'm glad the little I was able to do accomplished *some* good."

"I can never tell you the good it did for me," he said, taking her hand in his earnestness. "I can never tell you *how much* I thank you for it. You planned kindly and wisely for me when I was too utterly miserable and desperate to plan wisely for myself. You placed the means of deliverance in my hands, and pointed out the way to freedom; and I learned that night how faithless one woman could be and how noble another."

She was getting afraid of the look in his eyes. Was he thinking of her weakness that night when the thought that he was going away from her forever overmastered all other thoughts and she let him draw her close to him—even put her arm herself about his neck and dropped her head for one instant on his breast—on his breast where it could never lie again.

Yes, he was thinking of that. He had thought of it times without number, and it had done him a world of good. I think the keenest pangs most of us are ever called upon to endure, come from hurt pride." Duke Morrison was not perfect. He was only a man with a man's weakness; and when the woman he loved failed him, put him out of her heart and life and put another in his stead, he suffered keenly as a man of his nature must when he sees all the hopes of his life suddenly struck down. Yet it softened the force of the blow to know that even then there was one who cared enough for him to grieve at his departure. One who clung to him even in the hour of his humiliation with a tenderness she would have died sooner than confess in words.

The memory of that timid caress and her generous faithfulness had followed him wherever he went, keeping alive his faith and trust in woman, shaken to its foundation, though it was by the defection of one whom he had once thought worthy of all confidence. And so it was that he had come out from the trial a little wiser, a little sadder, a little harder it may be, but not wrecked, thank God! in heart or life.

Something of this he told her. Not all, but enough for her to know how dear she was to him at this moment. How her face had grown to be the fairest and dearest in all the world to him.

And what did she say?

I cannot tell you. But Mrs. Dane coming suddenly into the room found them sitting very close together, Myra's head on Duke's shoulder, and his arm about her waist in a very confident, lover-like way.

I don't think the sight was a pleasant one to the lady. She liked him very well, but then he was a soldier, and she had not got over her dislike to Yankee soldiers yet, you see. Indeed I think she hated them a little more cordially than ever since Mac was a prisoner. But she was a wise woman, and yielded with what grace she might to what she plainly saw was inevitable. Only saying, when Duke asked her, in his straightforward, manly way, for her daughter—

"I shall leave it all to Mac. You must abide by his decision, not mine."

And Myra was very willing to leave it all to Mac. She could guess what his decision would be when she had told him, as she meant to do when she saw him, how her whole happiness was bound up in Duke Morrison.

I can't tell you how it was that Duke obtained a furlough, when so many others had been refused. Maybe good-natured Dick Beattie, the staff-officer, guessed something of the truth and gave a hint of it to the general. At anyrate, he got the furlough, and Mrs. Dane was very glad of a reliable escort on their journey northward.

And Mac? His face brightened like sunshine at sight of his mother and sister, and his satisfaction seemed in no way diminished when he saw in whose company they came. And when Myra, with her arms about his neck, whispered her precious secret in his ear, he turned to Duke, saying heartily,

"There isn't a man living that I should like better for a brother-in-law. There, there, dearie, save some of your kisses for Captain Morrison;" laughed the brother, with a wicked sparkle in his black eyes, while a swift flame shot up into Myra's cheeks at the mischievous raillery.

They were married the next week; Mac and his mother, with Duke's father and mother and sisters looking on.

Mac is not a prisoner now. And Mrs. Dane thinks that living at the North is not very dreadful after all. She was even guilty of waving her handkerchief when General Grant passed through the city; but that was after Jeff. Davis had surrendered.

Duke Morrison is out of the service now. He was with General Sherman's army in that famous march through Georgia and "Down to the sea;" later still in the Carolinian campaign and the northward movement that culminated in the fall of Richmond, and the final grand, triumphal review in Washington. And although, at the time of his discharge he wore the straps of a major upon his shoulders, won by gallant deeds, still his wife thinks most tenderly of the time when he was simply and only "Private Duke Morrison."

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### WINTER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I looked once over a wintry vale,
Finding no beauty, but afterwards
I remembered a little tree by the spring
Was full of singing birds!

Under the shadows so dreary cold,
The spring lay dumb with the winter snow,
But the chickadees sang as if the fields
With May blooms were aglow.

I look out over my wintry life,—
Shall I find its beauty afterwards?
Who knows but the trees by its frozen streams
Are full of singing birds! RYMA.

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Good Company.—Sir George Saville was remarkably fond of sailing, and, pursuing his favorite amusement on the Humber, with an old fisherman, the vessel admitted a great quantity of water. At last Sir George turned to the old man, and, with great composure, asked him how much more water the boat would hold before she would sink. "Half a bucket-full, and please you, Sir George." On which the sails were unfurled, and they came safe on shore. The old man being asked why he did not sooner apprise Sir George of his danger, replied, "Why, marry, I'se an auld man, and thought I could not *die in better company*."

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☞ A new chemical toy, called the "Eggs of Pharaoh's Serpents," is now the rage in town. The cone on being ignited evolves a serpent in form from twelve to eighteen inches in length. Sold by E. Parrish, Arch and Ninth streets, Philadelphia.


# SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DEC'B'R 16, 1865.


### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Respectfully declined.—"The City Called Beautiful." "A Dream of the Past." "Beautiful Days." "In the Autumn." "I am Longing for Rest." "Farewells." "Hilton." "Mary of Monmouth." "Faithful Through Shame."

### A NEW STORY
BY
### EMERSON BENNETT.

We have the pleasure of announcing to our readers that we have made an engagement with that well-known and very popular author, Emerson Bennett, to write, after the expiration of a short period, *exclusively for the Saturday Evening Post*.

Mr. Bennett designs commencing with the first paper of the new year, a story which will run through from about twelve to fifteen numbers of The Post. It will be called

### THE PHANTOM OF THE FOREST;
### A TALE OF THE BACKWOODS.

Our readers may look for a story of wild adventure and thrilling interest; but the public is so well acquainted with the peculiar merits of Mr. Bennett as a writer of fiction, that the simple announcement of a story from him is probably all that is necessary.

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### NOTICE.

We have received a letter, dated Dec. 5th, 1865, inclosing ten cents, and making certain inquiries about Sewing Machines. As there is no name to the letter, and the post mark is illegible, we cannot reply. The writer will please write again.

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### CHILDHOOD.

That childhood is peculiarly susceptible in heart and mind we cannot doubt. The tender twig is easily bent, and by a very slight, if it be but a continual pressure, is capable of taking almost any conceivable shape; so with childhood. The soft hand of parental love, or the more rigorous one of parental authority, can bend it in any direction, or give it whatever shape is desired. Can lead it in the path of virtue and religion, or turn it aside into the path of vice. Can train it for heaven, or fit it for perdition at pleasure. What a fearful responsibility!

That childhood's lessons and impressions are the most lasting and controlling is easily seen in the aged.

The old man, who forgets the occurrences of the last month, can remember and relate with perfect accuracy, and in full detail, the incidents of his boyhood.

Of these his memory is wonderfully tenacious; of those strangely oblivious.

Parents ought therefore to bear in mind that they are constantly imparting lessons to their little ones, and making impressions upon their hearts which are to be ever present with them at every step of after life, lessons and impressions which are to be a part and parcel of their mental and moral being.

That these are also most controlling is a matter of individual experience and of constant observation.

The prejudice of early education is proverbial. When in favor of the right, and on the side of virtue, its value is not to be estimated. When opposite the harm is incalculable. Who has not felt in after years the almost resistless power of childhood's training?

It follows us like our shadow. It haunts us like the ghosts of murdered hours. We like what we were accustomed to like; do what we were accustomed to do. True, we may overcome, but the inclination is strong within us.

Who can flee the presence of a mother's love? or who can get beyond her voice? the music of a mother's song?

The tears of maternal affection that bathed the temples of boyhood, perchance the very hour when the young lad just went from home, are felt standing upon the brow of old age. Time can never dry them. A mother's prayer, who ever forgets it? Like the buried seed it may be shut out for a time, but it is there, and will sometime reassert itself.

Childhood, then, is surely the time to impart instruction, and there is nothing on which more depends than the choice of books. To let a child read all and everything that comes in its way is neither wise nor prudent. Neither is every good book to be read, life is not long enough for that. But books should be culled by older and stronger minds, chosen for their adaptation as well as their beauty and grace, calculated to lift the mind higher into a more rational atmosphere. It is to be seriously feared that in the present fashion of catering for the young mind, this truth is too frequently overlooked, stimulating with fanciful tales and vapid, senseless illustration as only fit for children. While the beautiful truths that should lay the foundation of a good moral character are entirely overlooked, (and the simpler the dress the more beautiful). How can it be expected that one can have good reasoning powers if they are not cultivated? fine taste if it is not nurtured carefully, and with good models? pure principles unless they are held up for imitation? but when stories, and stories alone are placed before them, based not on nature, but on what never was, and never can be, what must be the result? What is in too many instances? An exuberant growth of fancy, or a sickly sentimentality, while reason, judgment, taste are left to mature years, and as a natural consequence barren of common-sense fruit.

Would parents but remember this, and make a careful choice, we should soon see a strength of mind not satisfied with husks.

What children do when young will follow them as they grow older. What they read they will most surely remember, and what they do and what they read both help to lay the foundation of character—character that is to fit them for joy or sorrow here—for praise, or denunciation in a world to come.

### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Ordeal for Wives. A Novel. By the author of "Morals of Mayfair." Published by the American News Company; for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

Stories for Little Folks, translated from the German of Madame Ottalie Wildermuth, by Anna B. Cooke.

Cushions and Corners; or, Holidays at Old Orchard, by Mrs. R. J. Greene.

Christmas Holidays at Cedar Grove, by Mary Alice Seymour.

These three books are published by E. P. Dutton & Co, Boston, Mass., and for sale in this city at the store of Ashmead & Evans, 724 Chestnut street. From a hasty glance we should judge them to be very attractive books for the little folks.

Also received, An Address on the Limits of Education, read before the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, by Jacob Bigelow, M. D.

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### In Reply to the Lady of Alabama.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Sisters of the North and South, do we comprehend the responsibilities that rest upon us at this time? To woman is given the power of influence and reconciliation.

The greatest civil war that the world ever knew has desolated our country for the past four years, and almost every home has been visited, and some loved one been laid upon the altar, but now it has passed, thank God! and peace once more broods over our land.

But is it a peace that God smiles upon? Do we all forgive as we would have God forgive us? I fear not! Then woman arouse and perform the mission allotted to you.

The sister of Alabama has taken up her cross and called upon the women of the South to lay aside all unkind thoughts, feelings and prejudices, and return to their allegiance to their country. Shall the women of the North stand back in the work? or will they come forward, and reaching across the gulf that has so long separated us, and taking the sisters by the hand, and kneeling before the Throne of God, implore His forgiveness as we forgive them, and welcome them back as the father did the prodigal son?

Perhaps some mother or wife feels that her sacrifice has been too great. If so look away to Christ, the Son of God, who was sacrificed for us, and call not your sacrifice too great.

And though we see through a glass darkly here, yet let us walk by Faith, knowing that He doeth all things well. And when we rise above this world, then we shall see, face to face, and know even as we are known.

Maria Rarick,
Melrose, Jackson Co., Wis.

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### Man-Flirts.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am an old maid. The pert young misses in my school have applied that term of affectionate endearment to me for the last fifteen years. My nephew, John Milton, son of my younger sister, an old young man with faint down on his upper lip strongly resembling the external covering of a three-days'-old gosling, does the same thing.

In fact, I don't even deny it myself. And I absolutely go to the extent of saying nothing at all, when my nephew, John Milton, points me out to the old young men who are his confreres, with this speech:

"Study her; for she is a fearful and wonderful old maid!"

Wherefore, being the manner of woman I am, it will be known, *a priori*, that with me the pineapple cider of life has long since turned to the bitingest of vinegar, that the piece of anatomy under the ribs of my left side is a dried lemon. I don't deny it. As a matter of general practice, I teach my school, drink my tea, and talk about my acquaintances. That is what I have done for twenty years.

I am entirely unknown to fame, and painfully unacquainted with fortune. The nearest approach I ever made to fame, was riding from Cincinnati to Chicago in a seat behind the war-correspondent of a daily newspaper. If it had been Junius Henri Brown, I should have won immortality. But it wasn't Junius Henri. Now, however, I emerge from my dignified obscurity. I take my pen in hand to inform the masculine gender that I'm all well at present, and hope these few lines will convey to them "a piece of my mind." Most people know what that means.

There is a new word wanted in the English language. I conjure the next dictionary-man to set his brains to it and give us a name, the signification whereof shall be *Man-Flirt*. We need it. Women, poor creatures, flirt no longer. The precious men have taken that innocent amusement off their hands. I know a gentleman who has been solemnly betrothed *eight* times, and is still unmarried. Another, whose Brigham-Youngish predilections led him to engage his valuable hand to three young ladies at once. Insatiate monster! Would not *one* suffice? Another, the promised husband of one whose heart he had tried every earthly means to win, wrote to her, regretting in terms lachrymose enough to bring tears to the eye of a potato, his utter inability to confine his affections to her or to any one object! Poor fellow! I felt for him, deeply.

Oh, the fickle *women!*

What an innocent, trusting, confiding creature it must make of a pure girl to find that she has given her life's best thoughts to such a lover. How she will revere and worship manhood after that. What a lesson it will be to teach her sacredly to shun trifling with or deceiving the hearts of men, will it not, young gentleman?

There is a crime worse than the taking away of human life. It is not mentioned in the criminal code, there is no punishment laid down for it in the law books. It never goes through process of trial by jury. "Polite society" does not even visit it with her condemnation. I will tell you what it is. It is the refined amusement of trifling with the love of another, *flirting*, if you call it so. Murdering in cold blood the best, purest, tenderest part of our mortal nature. Amputation of the affections, it is, to be replaced, if ever at all, by a wooden heart, with valves of brass and springs of steel, a heart from which the warm current of life and love has gone out forevermore. I wonder how many such ladies' hearts there are in this world?

I saw a man once who had tried to cut his throat. He had half succeeded, slashing through several branches of the carotid artery. The severed branches of course never re-united, but dried away, leaving the poor wretch to finish

life with his head frightfully drawn to one side. I have thought of him a hundred times since, when I have seen women living through years and years with half their natures cut through and dried away, leaving the other half, more painfully distorted than that miserable man's throat, to carry on all the functions of life alone. I have had a girl go out of my school with a spirit like a young eagle, and a face like the dawning of a June morning, to come back in a half year, a silent, sad-eyed woman, carrying about her night and day the skeleton of a murdered hope, and "a soul from which the shadow is never lifted." It was "an innocent flirtation!"

I lately picked up an ancient newspaper, five months old, whose Washington correspondent devotes a column to the trial of Mary Harris, cackling as only sensation newspaper correspondents can, against the verdict acquitting her.

Among his shining paragraphs is this:

"Had she quietly lived down her sorrow, like a sensible girl, in time she might have become the wife of a far better man."

I don't wish that newspaper correspondent any harm. I do not hope that he may be blasted with the evil eye, nor blasted with investing in Kentucky Petroleum Stock; and God forbid that I should wish one more maiden's heart broken. But I do hope when that newspaper man marries that his wife will be a woman who has "lived down her sorrow."

Oh, I have seen these women who have "lived down" sorrow. In my capacity of prying old maid, it has come to me to know the private history of dozens of them, married and single. Married, they are the scolds, the slovens, the wives, whose husbands spend their evenings away from home, and most of all the wives whose names appear in divorce cases. Single, when nothing worse, they are society's sharp-nosed, long-tongued gossips, pointed at in derision as having been once upon a time "disappointed in love." (Thank goodness, nobody ever said it of *me!* I'd knock the woman down, mentally, who dared tell me so.)

And I have drawn no fancy picture. I speak the things whereof I know, the things whereof any one may know who will look into the green-room of society. Draw the curtain and look behind it yourself, if you would find out whether I tell the truth.

Newspaper correspondent, wouldn't you like for a wife a woman who has "lived down her sorrow?" I hope you'll get her. I hope the same will likewise happen to every surviving one of the fifty thousand veteran volunteers in the army of masculine flirts! Zig.

## South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY COSMO.

**Hauling by the Horns—A Down-Hill Decision—South American Clover—Perils of a Posada.**

Upon many occasions, during our wanderings to and fro, we had argued with campaneros, carretieros, and caravaneiros, against the absurd practice of working oxen tied together by a stick across the horns, as is universally the practice all over South America. I am not positive, however, that by our arguments we ever succeeded in converting a single soul of them to the yoke philosophy. But a something singular, tritlingly serious, and decidedly laughable, accident that occurred to some of our Buenos Ayrean friends one day, accomplished what all our arguments had failed to do.

The cattle of the caravan with which we had one day fallen in company, on our journey towards Cordova, were coupled by the horns, and attached to the monstrous, ox-murdering carts, according to the custom of the country, and as was our custom, we were not long in falling into a dispute with the proprietors about the impropriety and cruelty of the practice.

Don Manuel Iturbide, the wealthiest, most influential, and, according to our verdict, the most sensible man of the party, admitted that possibly there might be some better method of bovine attachment, but he didn't believe a *yoke* was that better way. He had never seen one of the things, and his clearest idea of one was of that rather galling Spanish yoke which the La Platans had thrown off in disgust. He remembered having borne a portion of one end of it himself in earlier life, and he would never inflict such cruelty upon an ox. He thought, perhaps, harness, something like the horse-gears he had seen in Buenos Ayres, might be an improvement upon the horn, stick, and lasso practice; but that great log across an animal's neck—a hard, wooden cravat, to choke the poor brute at every step—no, no. A Buenos Ayrean was not so hard-hearted as that.

Thus went on our arguments until about noon on the third day of our companionship, when we came to a small branch of the Tercero, running at that point westerly, through a deep valley, the sides of which were uncomfortably steep, rugged, and, in many places, rocky.

The main route of travel bent away to the right, in a wide detour, but a less travelled branch went diagonally down the slope to the northwest, almost directly towards a village something more than two leagues distant, where Don Manuel had a brother-in-law, and several friends, residing. He having decided to visit his relative for two or three days, and join the caravan again at Cordova, at the junction of the two ways, the five great, clumsy wheeled houses of Don Manuel drew out from the long line of vehicles, and took the way to the left.

Having an urgent invitation from the genial, great-hearted old Don, to visit the village and his friends with him, we also left the highway and took to the by one, which, by-the-by, was a great deal better suited to our mounted mode of travel than Don Manuel's wheeled one. There had been vehicles along the road—that was self-evident from the ruts, and here and there a wreck, which latter argued nothing in favor of the safety of the road.

We got on very cleverly for, I suppose, about two miles, when we came to another division of the way, a right-hand branch taking abruptly down the hill-side, in a right line towards the town, while the carriage-way continued to wind its tortuous way along the rugged slope, descending by a circuitous, but far more easy grade.

Don Manuel, partly to save time and travel, but a great deal more to convince us that our arguments against an ox being able to *hold back* in going down hill, when tied to a cart by the horns, was all a mistake, expressed his determination to take to the short cut, and show us something we had never seen.

In spite of all remonstrance, he persisted in going to the right, which he soon discovered was all wrong, but he made good his promise. He did show us something new. For three hundred yards, perhaps, the mounted guides, right and left, four to each team, managed, by dint of dashing to and fro along the bovine line, whooping and screaming, and goring the pushed brutes with the steel *prods* of their long *chicotes*, to keep the line tolerably correct. But directly the monstrous, great, lumbering machines, unprovided with lock or brake arrangement, acknowledging no influence but that of gravity, began to acquire momentum and velocity very far beyond all ox-team possibilities.

In every instance, the ten to fifteen passengers—mostly women and children—taking the alarm at the fearful prospect in front, tumbled pell-mell, head over heels, and as often heels over head, from front to the rear end of the carts, thus destroying the equipoise, the instant consequence of which was, up in air kicked the ponderous tongue, lifting along with it the poor wheelers by the horns, their fore legs full three feet from the ground, and away they went on a quadruple quick, actually running a race down hill on their hind legs.

Very soon the *carretieros* lost all control of the leaders who having lost all control of themselves, and fearful of being over-run by the great, thundering Juggernauts behind them, attempted to shoot off at a tangent from their track, but held by their raw-hide tethers, they swung round first under the feet of the *bipal* wheelers who, suspended by the horns, couldn't stumble if they tried, and next, down and in under the ponderous wheels they went, bellowing, floundering, plunging frantically—*crack*, crush, went bones and flesh, *pop* went the shell of every horn from the poor wheelers heads, *tilt* went the immense vehicles, pointing their great tongues up at an angle of forty-five, dragging their wooden tails, hub-bub, over the rough surface, running a down-hill riot among slaughtered bullocks, great boulders, and demoralized carretieros and caballieros.

One cart was utterly wrecked by coming in contact with a rock; two were capsized over piled-up, prostrate oxen, one having spilled out the human portion of its freight, plunged its tongue into the soil, and gradually came to a stand-still, while the fifth one ran riot over, and through, and by, all obstacles, until it went souse into the stream, entirely submerging its lower structure, and semi-submerging its cargo and passengers.

There were no human lives lost, or bones broken, but many were the bruises and black eyes and bloody noses among the senoras and *meninas*. As for the slaughtered and crippled cattle, that was a matter of small consideration in a country where a pair of trained oxen could be purchased for nine dollars. The wrecked cart and a day's delay was the most serious part of the whole affair after all.

Don Manuel was converted from the error of his *horn* practice, and declared about the first thing he said after the catastrophe, that if mechanics could be found in the village and we would please to instruct them, he would resume his journey with *yoked* oxen. We did better than that. We not only assisted the ten carpenters that he procured, in making very comfortable yokes for all his new teams, but we also fixed most efficient brakes to all his carts, so they could be governed down any grade.

At the bottom of this valley, along the margin of the stream, we discovered the first real, trefoil clover that we had seen anywhere in South America. We had in several instances seen that which was certainly something like clover so far as it went, but it was always wanting a leaf—a *bifoil* rather. Even this clover of the *Nandori* was scarcely a member of any of our North American or European families. The general structure of the stock and branches was much the same, and the odor of both blossom and foliage was very like our common, red clover. But the leaves were narrow, pointed, and erect as a ferret's ear. The flowers were quite twice the size of our red clover blossoms, and a bright, beautiful blue in color.

As it was quite dusk by the time we had cleared the wreck, collected together the women and children, and drawn to dry land the submerged cart, it was determined to pass the night in the neighborhood, instead of attempting to proceed to the town, which was nearly five miles distant. There was not a cover left to one of the carts, except the one that had run itself overboard, and as that and its contents were thoroughly water-soaked, three of us set off to investigate a *posada* some half a mile or so from the scene of disaster, and ascertain if shelter could be had for the night.

Yes, we could all be accommodated—Spanish-American *posada* fashion—dogs, donkeys, *peons*, postillions, women, men, and *muchachas*, all promiscuously mixed in one common apartment, and it occupied by the postmaster and his family of ten all told, into the bargain. A single, dirty, no-floored, unplastered *adobe* den, thirty feet square, occupied already by some fifteen travellers, male and female, besides the eleven legitimists of the place. However, the den had a roof, and as it was threatening a pampero, we decided upon accepting the conditions. It was only another sample of *South American civilization*, such as we were something familiar with.

In the course of an hour and a half, we were all housed with the exception of two of our party, who were doing sentinel duty over our equipage, which was packed for the night under an open *adobe* shed, situated a few rods from the posada. With quite eighty persons, of all sizes, shapes, colors, and both sexes, packed in a pen of not more than thirty, or, perhaps, thirty-five feet square, one can readily imagine that the population of that particular territory must have been rather uncomfortably dense.

However, everybody seemed to be unusually happy, jovial, jolly, and good-natured, and with the exception of a squabble every five minutes or so among a dozen strange dogs, all tangled up in a trial of teeth, we drifted on into the night, quite harmoniously, until it was nearly midnight, when suddenly in burst our brave, Hibernian officer, who, with Captain Cator, was on guard, roaring lustily:

"I say, inside there. Come out here every soul of ye that's got a gun, or sword, or pistol loaded; here's the murdering rapscallions, the *Ladrones*, surrounding us. Turn out! Out with ye all!"

And out we went, hurry-scurry, men, women, boys, babies, poons, and dogs, pouring out of the posada into darkness as deep as lower Egypt. Cator was rattling away with his revolvers, and shouting all sorts of salt-water blessings on invisible foes; shots came dropping from different directions about the posada; two persons of Don Manuel's party were hit; women were wailing, children screaming, dogs yelping, men rapping out *carambas! carrabas!* and a good many harder words. Then there was first a low, tremulous moan in the air, then a quivering, blinding flash, a concussion, a terrific, stunning crash—Heaven's red artillery had hurled to the earth its first, fearful bolt, and the wretched posada we had so recently quitted, lay a mass of *adobe* ruins.

Then the flood-gates above us were opened, and down came such a deluge as one sees but seldom in a long life time—never anywhere else than in these La Platan pampero regions.

Hurriedly we thrust the women and children under the shed which contained our gear, and by packing like sardines, we managed to find partial shelter for ourselves. The storm continued during the remainder of the night, but drifted away eastward at daylight, and by sunrise, all was calm, clear and serene.

There lay the heap of rubbish that the night previous had been a posada, but nowhere was there a trace of the robbers by whom we had been so suddenly attacked, and so signally defended by lightning.

During the day, with assistance procured from the village, we managed to remove thither all of Don Manuel's and our own effects, and being billeted by the grateful old *campaniero* upon his friends, who seemed really delighted by an opportunity of showing any kindness in their power to the friends of Don Manuel Iturbide, we passed the three succeeding nights a great deal more agreeably than we had done the one in and near the lightning-wrecked *posada*.

☞ RECEIPTS THAT NEVER FAIL.—To destroy rats—catch them one by one, and flatten their heads with a lemon squeezer.

To kill cockroaches—get a pair of heavy boots, then catch your roaches, put them into a barrel, and then get in yourself and dance.

To catch mice—on going to bed put crumbs in your mouth and lie with it open, and when a mouse's whiskers tickle your throat—bite.

To prevent dogs going mad—cut their tails off just behind their ears.

☞ On being told of a surgeon who amputated a lady's arm, and afterwards married her, Nix wondered how she could have got around him so.

☞ A little fellow, not more than five years of age, hearing some gentlemen at his father's table discussing the familiar line, "An honest man's the noblest work of God," said he knew it wasn't true; *his mother* was better than any man that was ever made.

☞ The father of General Grant being questioned as to the early characteristics of his son, replied: "Never saw him show his grit when a boy, but once, and that was trying to break a vicious colt. It was a tough fight, but the colt had to surrender."

☞ A little boy five years old, while writhing under the tortures of the ague, was told by his mother to rise up, and take a powder she had prepared for him. "Powder, powder!" said he, rising upon his elbow, and putting on a roguish smile, "mother, I ain't a gun!"

IMPORTANCE OF HAVING DAVIS' PAIN KILLER ALWAYS AT HAND.—*Wonderful Cure of the Rev. D. L. Brayton, Missionary in India, who was stung by a Scorpion.* Extract from his letter, dated Mergui, June 13, and published in the Baptist Missionary Magazine for Dec., 1849: "For the first time since I have been in India, I have been stung by a scorpion. I went out this morning to my exercises, as usual, at early dawn, and having occasion to use an old box, on taking off the cover I put my hand on a scorpion, which immediately resented the insult by thrusting its sting into the palm of my hand. The instantaneous and severe pain which darted through the system is quite incredible: what an awfully virulent poison their sting must contain! *I flew to my bottle of 'Davis' Pain Killer,'* and found it to be true to its name. The relief was almost as sudden as the pain; after a moment's relief, I saturated a small piece of sponge, bound it on my hand, and went about my exercises, feeling no more particular inconvenience." dec16-2t

BEAUTY.—HUNT'S BLOOM OF ROSES, charming, delicate and natural color for the cheeks or lips, will not wash off or injure the skin. It remains permanent for years and cannot be detected. Mailed free for $1,15. HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 133 South Seventh St., Philadelphia. mar1-1y

## THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market for Flour continues dull. The week's sales only reach some 9000 bbls, at $7,50@8 for superfine; $8,50@9 for extras; $8,50@9,50 for spring wheat family; $9@11 for red wheat do, and $12@13 ₩ bbl for white wheat fancies. Rye Flour—Sales at about $7 ₩ bbl Buckwheat Meal is selling at $5@5,12 the 100 lbs

GRAIN—The receipts and stock of Wheat are light; sales reach about 25,000 bus at $2,10@2,31 for fair to prime reds, closing at $2,10@2,20; white ranges at $2,50@2,55, as in quality. Rye is dull; sales of Pennsylvania at $1,05@1,10, mostly at $1,06 $1,08 for prime. Corn—Sales of 50,000 bus at 78@83c for damp and dry lots, and white at 80@83c, including old at 85@87c. Oats—About 22,000 bus found buyers at 48@50c for southern and Pennsylvania.

PROVISIONS—The receipts and stocks continue very light. Sales of barrelled meats at $30@32 for old Mess Pork, and $35 for new. Dressed Hogs are selling at $12@13 the 100 lbs. Beef ranges at $14@18 for mess, and Beef Hams at $30@40 ₩ bbl. Lard is dull at 22@23c for tierce. Butter is selling at 30@40c for fair to prime packed and roll, and 45@50c for choice lots, the latter for fine Goshen. Cheese is in moderate request at 17@21c. Eggs are quoted at 38@39c ₩ dozen.

COTTON—Sales reach some 750 bales, at 48@53c for low and good middling quality.

BARK—Sales 90 hhds 1st No. 1 Quercitron at $38½ ₩ ton. Tanners' Bark is quiet.

BEESWAX—Good Yellow is dull at 48c ₩ lb.

COAL—The market continues dull. Prices ranging at $8@9 ₩ per ton on board at Richmond.

FEATHERS—Sales of Western at 62@63c ₩ lb.

FRUIT—Green Fruit moves off slowly at $4½@5½ for Apples, and $11@15 ₩ bbl for Cranberries. Dried Fruit is selling at 13@17c for Apples, and 22@35c ₩ lb for Peaches, as in quality, the latter pared.

HAY—Sales at $14@17 ₩ ton.

HOPS are selling at 35@65c for old and new.

IRON—Sales of Pig Metal are within the range of $50@52 for No 1 Anthracite, and No 2 at $48@50.

LUMBER—We quote White Pine at $32@34, and Yellow Sap Boards at $30@33 ₩ M.

OILS—Petroleum ranges at 39@40c for crude; 65@67c for refined in bond, and 84@87c for free Oil.

PLASTER is firm at $4@4,50 ₩ ton.

RICE—The market is very quiet at 9½@10½c for Rangoon, and 12½@13½c for Carolina.

SEEDS—There is a fair demand for Cloverseed, and about 2500 bus found buyers at $7@8,25 ₩ bus for common to prime. Timothy is quiet at $3,75@4. Flaxseed is selling at $3,15@3,20 ₩ bus.

SPIRITS—There is no change in Brandy or Gin. N. E. Rum is nominal at $2,45@2,50. Whiskey is dull at $2 30@2,37 for Pennsylvania and western bbls, and $2,33 for drudge.

SUGARS—Sales small lots Cuba at 12½@14½c; 300 bb's Sugar House at 12½c, and 450 boxes at 13½c.

TALLOW is held at 14@14½c for rendered.

WOOL—The market continues almost at a stand still; the low grades especially are unsettled and drooping, prices ranging at 50@55c for fleece, and 60@65c for tub. There is some little inquiry for fine clips, selling in a small way at 65@70c.

### PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2500 head. The prices realized from 16@17 cts ₩ lb. 100 Cows brought from $50 to 90 ₩ head. Sheep—2000 head were disposed of at from 6½@7½c ₩ lb. 5000 Hogs sold at from $12,00@15,07 ₩ 100 lbs.

## Theory of Medicated Inhalation.

LETTER No. III.

CHRONIC BRONCHITIS.

*To the Editors of the Sat. Eve. Post.*

GENTLEMEN:—Having pointed out those affections of the *nose, throat,* and *larynx*, which go before and prepare the way for diseases of the *lungs*, we come now to speak of *chronic bronchitis*, the most common form of pulmonary disease. Chronic bronchitis is a *local* inflammation of the mucous membrane lining the air tubes, and is simply a *catarrh* of the *lungs*. It does not differ from catarrh of the nose in the effect it produces upon the *mucous membrane*. Thickening and enlargement of the mucous follicles and ulceration takes place in the air tubes of the lungs the same as in the air passages of the nose, but the effect upon the *health* is very different in the two cases. In bronchitis, thickening of the mucous membrane diminishes the size of the air tubes and shortens the breath. When the nose is obstructed by unhealthy secretions, or so charged by disease as to make it difficult for us to breathe through the nostrils, we can breathe through the mouth; but when the bronchial tubes in the lungs are obstructed or diminished in size, we can find relief only by the cure of the bronchial disease.

*Bronchitis*, then, is a disease of the lining of the bronchial tubes ramifying the substance of the lungs. This lining or membrane is very sensitive to every external influence, and is hence liable to become irritated by sudden changes of weather, by impure air, by the fine particles of matter which fill the atmosphere of workshops or float upon the winds in the dusty streets, and by the hundred irritating causes which meet us in almost every place. The most common cause, however, is cold, showing itself first, as a *catarrh of the nose*, next affecting the *throat* and *larynx*, and lastly involving the bronchial tubes, when the disease is known as a seated "*cold in the chest*," or *Bronchitis*.

The acute symptoms usually subside after a short time, but unless the patient is properly treated, he does not return to his former good health. He discovers a slight warmth in the hands towards evening, and cannot take the same exercises as usual without discovering that he is "short of breath." Still he is pretty well, and if the season be summer he may go on until fall without expectoration; but as winter approaches he begins to cough and the expectoration is found to be yellow. He may also find the fever increased to a decided hectic, with night sweats and rapid loss of flesh, in which case he will probably die before spring, with all the symptoms of consumption. Still this is not consumption at all; it is simply a chronic catarrh of the lungs.

It is very common for Chronic Bronchitis to assume a milder form, when it is spoken of as a "Winter Cough." It comes on each winter, and as regularly subsides during the summer; but at every succeeding recurrence, it manifests itself in greater severity, and the recovery in the following summer is not so complete. This form of Bronchitis, if neglected, will as surely to destroy life, and treated in the usual manner, is as incurable as consumption itself. The mucous membrane sooner or later becomes altered in structure, and pours forth a matter which has all the qualities of "pus." Hectic fever supervenes, and the disease tends slowly but surely, to a fatal termination.

Another form of Bronchitis is peculiar to middle life and old age. It is distinguished by the quantity and character of the matter expectorated. Usually there are two fits of coughing in the day—one on awaking in the morning and the other in the evening. There is considerable difficulty in breathing, while the paroxysms of coughing last; but it passes off as soon as the lungs are freed from the viscid secretion. The patient is feeble; he may, however, live, and attend to light duties for years. But the countenance gradually assumes a pale bluish tint, the body wastes, the blood becomes thin, and death ensues, apparently, from the constant drain kept up by the discharge from the lungs. Some patients die from exhaustion in five or six months: but others live for as many years.

There is still another form of this disease, called "Dry Bronchitis," the essential character of which consists of chronic inflammation attended by a thickening of the mucous membrane, by which the *air tubes* are diminished in size, and also in the secretion of a dense *gelatinous* kind of matter, of a *greenish* or *bluish* color, by which they are still further obstructed. The smaller bronchial tubes are often entirely closed, and occasionally a tube of very considerable size becomes sealed up by this matter.

The symptoms of Dry Bronchitis are not marked by severity. It is the most insidious of pulmonary complaints. The subject of it is conscious only of being short-breathed when ascending an elevation or attempting to run. When a large portion of the lungs is involved, a sense of oppression is experienced *after* meals and on every slight exertion. By some this oppression is referred to the opposite side of the chest to that on which the disease is situated, or to a remote part of the same side, or even the region of the stomach.

After a time, difficulty of breathing comes on, and continues several days, the patient complaining of tightness in the chest, which is relieved by cough and expectoration of a tough jelly-like substance. The cough by which this matter is raised, is a mere rasping effort to clear the throat, and may probably not occur more than once or twice daily, and almost unconsciously to patients themselves. On inquiring if they have a cough, they will, almost without exception, answer "No!" yet, during your conversation they will, perhaps, hack, and raise a little jelly-like mucous half a dozen times. At intervals, the cough is more severe, and comes on in paroxysms, when it is too commonly regarded as simply "nervous." If the stomach be at all deranged, it is fashionable to regard it as a mere "stomach cough," or as being caused by a "liver disease," while, in fact, the derangements of the stomach, liver, kidneys, and of the uterine function, which exist, are but so many consequences of this very condition of the lungs. There is something so gratifying in being assured by the family physician that there is "no danger of consumption," that this cough is "merely a trifle, and will speedily pass away if left to itself," that it is not surprising the flattered patient entirely overlooks the important fact that no careful examination of the lungs has been made to determine the health or disease of this organ; that this gratifying opinion, therefore, is founded on nothing reliable, and reduced to its intrinsic merits, is simply tampering with human life.

Most "coughs of long standing," unattended by free expectoration, are caused either by this condition of the bronchial tubes, or by incipient tubercles in the lungs. "The neglected cold," which so often proves the herald of consumption, is but another variety of this disease.

The frequency of this form of Bronchitis—its slow, insidious, and treacherous progress, and the disastrous consequences to which it often *leads*—should awaken from their lethargy all who are nursing DRY coughs of long standing in the vain hope of growing out of them. However slight and apparently unimportant, such coughs may seemingly lead on by *sure gradations* to a premature grave. In such cases medicines taken in the stomach simply *allay* the more prominent symptoms, but do not remove the disease. By Medicated Inhalation *alone*, in which the remedial agents are brought in *direct contact* with the diseased parts, can we hope to effect a radical cure. Your obedient servants,

R. & J. HUNTER.

Drs. Hunter and Ramsay, of the above firm, can be consulted, either personally or by letter, at their office, No. 1319 Chestnut street.

**An Amusing Letter to the Colton Dental Association, No. 737 Walnut St., Phiada.,**

BY ONE WHO WAS THERE.

Alighting from the omnibus which has brought us up through Broadway's hurrying throng, which seem ever pursuing some mocking phantom that eludes their grasp, we ascend the marble steps of the "Cooper Union." It is "all very fine" to enter this pleasant reception-room but the studio beyond the folding doors—"ay, there's the rub!" But as the kindly face and pleasant voice of the Professor greet us, our errand seems shorn of half its terrors. Yet we cannot forbear asking, as we present our credentials and look timidly up at the companionate dark eyes so far above our own diminutive stature—"Will it kill us?" A pleasant laugh and an assuring word convince us that our time has not yet come; and we comply with the invitation to enter the operating room, with our two accompanying friends (the fair face of one assumes the hue of driven snow), with very much the feeling that the fly accepted the proffered hospitality of the spider.

Ere aware of it we are seated in the dreaded chair, engaged in pleasant conversation. Suddenly we find a prop insinuated between our jaws, and the mouth-piece of a villainous looking black bag between our lips. Two pair of hands, so gentle in their manipulations as to almost lead one to doubt their owners' belonging to the masculine persuasion, hold our mouth upon the pipe, that the inhalation of the gas may be more perfect; while the owners of the aforesaid hands speak gentle words of encouragement. The soft hand of a lady assistant is laid assuringly on our own, and we can almost feel the suppressed anxiety of the two beloved companions behind the chair. A buzzing sound, as of myriad swarms of bees! Anon comes floating by, in grand measures and long-drawn cadences, a sweet old triumphal hymn, such as those may sing who, having left all of earth behind them, enter into the glory of the Lord; and mingled with this, a wild symphony of dashing waves, ringing their "ceaseless never more." Yet how strange! that last word of the hymn gave us a slight twitch, followed by two more, which partook of the nature of a strong yet painless wrench. "Your teeth are out," say three kind voices, but we have not come down yet to this sublunary world sufficiently to comprehend their meaning until the assurance is repeated by one of the familiar voices behind the chair. We rise a new being, and leave at the feet of the kind operator fifteen molars and incisors—a tribute to the greatest discovery of the age. MARY N. ROCKWELL.

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Address DRS. BABCOCK & SON,
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HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—Nervous headache, from whatever cause, debility, indigestion, costiveness, liver complaint or nervous disorders, will find a speedy and radical cure in Holloway's Medicines. They invigorate the constitution, restore the torpid energy of the stomach, stimulate the action of the bowels, cleanse the blood and purify the secretions of the bile and liver.

Sold by all Druggists.

$20 G. & S. CRYSTAL D. P. $20.

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SEND FOR A CIRCULAR.

sep30-3m

## MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. Wm. Suddards, D. D., LOUIS A. FALLIGANT, M. D., of Savannah, Ga., to MARY MATILDA, daughter of Dr. W. Williamson, of this city.

On the 21th of July, 1865, by the Rev. Mr. Winters, Mr. CHARLES M. BIVIN to Miss RACHEL McFATE, both of this city.

On the 5th instant, at Germantown, Pa., by the Rev. B. Wistar Morris, JOSEPH T. LEA, of N. York, to ANNIE A., daughter of Robt. B. Cabeen.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. Henry J. Morton, D. D., F. STANHOPE PHILLIPS to GRACE, daughter of Robt. MacGregor, Esq.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. SAMUEL W. KELLEY to Miss ANNIE MOORE, both of this city.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. Saml. Durborow, JOHN BURNSIDE, of this city, to ELIZA KARMER, of Media.

On the 30th of Nov., by the Rev. Geo. A. Durborow, Mr. WILLIAM VANCE to Miss SARAH L. BATES, both of this city.

## DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 8th instant, Mrs. ELIZABETH BINNEY, wife of Horace Binney, in her 83d year.

On the 5th instant, FRANCIS H. CONNER, in his 40th year.

On the 4th instant, Mrs. ABBY F. LEAMING, in her 70th year.

On the 4th instant, JOHN M. GEYER, in his 80th year.

On the 3d instant, JOHN H. SEAVOR, aged 40 years.

On the 2d instant, MARY, wife of Wm. Parvin, aged 61 years.

On the 2d instant, Mrs. MARY, wife of Wm. Hyndman, aged 65 years.

On the 6th instant, Mr. GEORGE A. EATEN, aged 29 years.

On the 1st instant, ROBERT MOFFITT, in his 36th year.

On the 1st instant, Mrs. ISABELLA, wife of Elijah J. Weaver, in her 60th year.

EYRE & LANDELL, 4TH AND ARCH,
Established in 1840. Family Dry Goods Store.
FULL STOCK OF FALL GOODS.
SHAWLS OF ALL KINDS.
DRESS GOODS, FULL LINE.
MEN AND BOYS' WEAR.
BLANKETS, SHEETINGS, DAMASKS, &c., &c.
mar18-1y

### OUT ON THE MOONLIT SEA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY JENNIE TEMPLE.

Away on the bright, blue sea,
Where mermaids their revels keep,
The winds to their caverns flee,
And tired the waves now sleep.

All shim'ring the moonbeams fall,
As silent the sea-nymphs go
Adown to the coral halls,
And rock-sculptur'd grots below.

Away! for the sea is blue,
The skies bending o'er us calm;
Away! sweet zephyrs we'll woo
From Cuba, the isle of the palm.

We'll tread on the ocean floor,
When winds and the waters rave,
And chant, 'midst the billows roar,
"Our hours on the bounding wave."

*Waterloo, Pa.*, 1865.

## Was She a Heroine?

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY S. ANNIE FROST.

Was she a heroine? I must leave my readers to decide. She did not look much like one's preconceived ideas of a heroine, as she sat before the fire one cold, March day, her fingers busy in knitting a pretty mat, her lips forming the words of a new song, which fell upon the air in sweet if not very powerful notes. Her eyes were neither flashing black, nor melting blue, but a deep hazel, and long lashes of rich brown shaded them into dark softness; her hair of a warm chestnut, straight, and banded smoothly from her forehead, was gathered up in a very every-day sort of a knot behind. Bright and pleasant to look upon, with a fresh, fair complexion, a sweet mouth, and a trim, dainty, little figure, I must still confess there was nothing very grand or heroic about Ellen Taylor, as she sat knitting before the fire. Her dress, too, of dark, blue merino, with narrow linen cuffs and collar, was conspicuous for nothing unless it might be an exquisite neatness in fit and finish.

As her fingers carried the bright wool over the white needles, and her song rippled out upon the air, pleasant thoughts filled the maiden's heart, and set their seal upon the bright, sweet face, for Ellen had one attribute of a heroine, she was in love! Perhaps even to her own heart she had scarcely shaped its happiness into such plain language, but memories of a voice that made music for her ear, a face that lighted at her approach, a tender, true heart that throbbed for her only, certainly filled her thoughts as she sat before the fire.

It had been a very pleasant love story that now filled her life with its tender happiness. No word of opposition had ever clouded its expression, no bar had been raised against its prospects. Loving and loved with the full consent of all concerned, Nellie was happy in present joy and future hope. Yet while she sat knitting before the fire, singing from a heart full of pleasant thought, the first cloud was rising to burst upon her love dream in a storm she little dreamed could ever rise.

She was an orphan, this pretty maiden, yet so many years had shed their sunshine and snows over her parents' graves, that her memory of them was only a vague and confused one. Her orphanhood had been a sorrow that fell upon her when she was too young to know its meaning, and she had been taken at once by her uncle and aunt, her father's brother and sister, to a luxurious home, kindest love, and an heirship in prospect. Jasper Taylor, her uncle, was a prosperous merchant, whose cold, hard nature had kept him a single man, but whose duty had made the support of his sister and his brother's orphan a sort of necessity. Ruth Taylor, his sister, was a sunbeam, the very impersonation of sweetness, brightness, loving kindness, one to brighten any home by her mere presence. With a small income of her own, she had consented to be housekeeper in her brother's large house, and later to fill a mother's place to Nellie.

One other description, and you will know all the persons who made the circle of Nellie's daily life. Arthur Levison was the son of a wealthy Southern planter, who died a widower when this only child was a mere boy, leaving him and a large property in real estate and slaves to the guardianship of an uncle. The boy had been sent North for an education, passed through college, travelled with a tutor for three years, and was lounging away a winter in New York, previous to his return to his Georgian home, when the bright eyes of Nellie Taylor took his heart captive. It was a short, bright courtship. Jasper Taylor saw no fault in a man whose wealth was proved; Aunt Ruth was won by his frank, bright face, his graceful courtesy, and above all by the quiet, unobtrusive yet inherent goodness of his character. Nellie loved him.

On the cold day when Nellie sat weaving love dreams into the stitches of her mat, in the library on a lower floor, far out of the sound of her song, Jasper Taylor and Arthur Levison were conversing, with faces that proved the subject of their discourse one of vital importance.

The young man held an open letter in his hand, a letter that he had read under a binding promise of secresy from Jasper Taylor. Letters of as grave import were passing to and fro over the country, yet though the clouds gathered, the storm they foretold had not yet broken.

"My uncle writes me," said the young man, "that every dollar of my property now depends upon my immediate departure for the South, and my oath to take part in their treasonable schemes. I do not believe in the force of their boasts to overthrow the Government and establish a Government of their own, but I do believe they will make the effort. For months my letters have whispered this; since the election they are bolder in their threats, and this letter proves that, succeed or fail, they will make the effort in deadly earnest."

"You will go at once, I presume?"

"Go! I tell you I must remain one with them and their disloyal plots if I once return to Georgia."

"Well?"

"You cannot advise me to go! You, a Northern man!"

"Bah! Don't be Quixotic. You have a large property in the South, and you can secure it by going there."

"But — Oh, I see, you do not believe in this secession scheme."

"Yes, I do," in a low, deep tone. "No business man, with such an immense Southern connection as mine, can doubt their will and power. We may put them down, again; we may not. I have carefully withdrawn my interests from the South, so it is immaterial to me—"

"Immaterial to you whether the Government is overthrown or not," burst out from the impetuous listener.

"In a mere money point of view. Of course if it comes to a war, I shall side with the North—it is my interest to do so; but in your place, I should certainly go South while the way was open."

"This is your advice?"

"Most certainly. You are a beggar if you lose your patrimony; and, ahem! my niece cannot marry a beggar."

"My going South involves a separation from Nellie."

"Not at all. You were to be married in the fall. You may hasten the ceremony, and take her with you."

"And you advise me to turn rebel?"

"Don't use harsh terms. I advise you to take care of your patrimony, and return South, in order to do so."

"Perhaps there will not be a war."

"Don't flatter yourself; there *will* be an open rupture between North and South."

"And I am to sell my loyalty for my patrimony?"

"And Nellie. Miss Taylor cannot marry a man without means to support her."

"I can work."

"At what? You have learned no profession, no trade. Business men are crippled, all over the country, by the political troubles. Every avenue is closing in, every branch of business cautiously retrenching its expenses; where will you find employment, even supposing you capable of work?"

"I have led a useless life, it is true; but I am young yet, barely twenty-three. We can wait."

Cold as ice, hard as stone, Jasper Taylor answered the pleading eyes fixed upon him.

"Nellie will not have my consent to any such folly."

There was a long silence; then Arthur spoke again.

"I will write to my uncle to-day, and see if it will be possible to withdraw my property without pledging myself to the Southern cause."

"Well! All useless, however; they will scarcely let so much money come here now if they can prevent it. It was great folly in your father to make twenty-five your age for managing your own property. You are past legal age, and could have withdrawn your interests from the South long ago, but for that."

"Yes. My uncle has entire control for two years longer. Well, I will write again at once."

But before the answer reached his hand, the clouds had poured forth the storm in all its fury. Sumter fell, and the North was one vast recruiting station to defend the Government.

At the first open rebellion, Arthur Levison had flung his patrimony to the winds. Young, ardent, full of the fire of his Southern birth, with the staunch patriotism of his Northern education, he vowed to devote his whole strength to the cause of Right and Loyalty. And his little betrothed?

There had been a storm in the Taylor mansion, second only to the one raging over the country. Jasper Taylor had forbidden Arthur Levison the house; upbraiding him for his folly, and roused to a perfect fury by the young man's avowed intention of shouldering a musket.

Nellie Taylor, his niece, the wife of a common soldier! Forbid it, all the blue blood of a long line of aristocratic ancestors!

It was only a month since the young girl sat singing before the fire, when she stood in the library with her aunt beside her, facing her uncle and Arthur, to hear the decree of separation. She had known all her lover's aspirations, temptations, and struggles. Every throb of his loving, loyal heart was hers, and there was no secret there hidden away from her sympathy and encouragement.

Was she a heroine?

With her uncle's harsh voice still ringing through the room, she spoke:

"Uncle Jasper, I cannot let Arthur leave me so. He is the same man, only dearer, that he was when you bade us be happy in our love, and promised him my hand. Had he been false, dishonorable, untrue, were there any change in him to make him unworthy of my love, I should say to him, go—though my heart broke with the word. But he has lost only *money*. He has proved himself loyal, brave, true, more than ever worthy of all the love and sympathy we can give him. He was almost my husband, now he must leave me. I will not deceive you, uncle, there shall be no underhand defiance of your will. Here, before you, I say to Arthur," and she crossed the room to his side. "Go, my beloved, and when you return, you will find me waiting for you, loving, faithful and constant."

"This to my face," cried her uncle.

"God bless you," said Arthur, while drops that were no shame to his manhood stood upon his eyelashes, as he held her in his arms, "I will win a name that even your uncle will not shame to have you wear," and with one long kiss upon her lips, he put her in her aunt's arms, and was gone.

Then her uncle's fury spent itself. She was forbidden to speak of Arthur, to write to him, think of him, and steadily, pale but resolute, she kept her position.

"I love him, and he loves me. It is only money he has lost, and I never loved his money."

At last, worn out and nearly heart-broken, she crept away to her own room to pray for her lover in his perilous life.

Days and weeks wore on; letters came directed in the well-known hand, and were torn to pieces before her eyes, unopened. Still she kept her word, and resorted to no secret measures. She wrote to Arthur, hoping one letter might yet reach her hands before her uncle's, and she spoke of her engagement with freedom to her friends.

Still her life was one of terrible discipline. Aunt Ruth was always loving, but Aunt Ruth worshipped her brother, and thought he could do no wrong; and while she was always tender to her little niece, she spoke no word of encouragement for her course, until—but we must follow Arthur here.

Soldiering is very pretty in theory. Grand heroic deeds look inviting upon paper, and death at the cannon's mouth has a fine roll upon the tongue. But soldiering in practice takes more than a flash of enthusiasm to make it endurable. The ardent youth who writes his name at the recruiting office sees before him battle, death, ghastly wounds, great heroic deeds and sacrifices, and he enters upon his new life full of resolve to dare and die for his country's sake. But before the death faces him, comes a daily strain upon his patriotic ardor, more trying than the fiercest battle. He must submit to irksome restraint, where he has lived free as air, he must work when he is weary, march when his whole frame is longing for rest, endure thirst, heat, fatigue, obey orders that seem useless and absurd, submit to petty tyranny from those who have not half his own intellect or education. Day after day he must toil over unaccustomed drill, fatigue and privation, where his memory gives him only pleasant pictures of perfect ease and luxury. So Arthur Levison found he needed more than patriotic fire to nerve him for his duty; he found he must exercise patience, submission, energy, cheerfulness, and he took for his comfort and guidance, first, his reliance upon Providence, his clear conscience, and the remembrance of Nellie's last words.

A whole year wore away. After the first three months were over, Arthur's regiment re-enlisted without returning home, and he remained with them. He had been in battles, had done his duty nobly in every department of his position, and Nellie heard from him sometimes in spite of the destruction of the majority of his letters. I am not writing a history of the war; it is printed upon the hearts of all of us too deeply to need words of mine to mark it there. One night I will describe.

It was in March, 1862, and the dead and wounded of two opposing forces were strewn upon the field after a severe engagement at Winchester Heights. It had not been one of the momentous battles where thousands were swept from life, and the whole country waited with suspended breath for tidings. A severe battle, with but little over a hundred killed on the Union side, and less than five hundred wounded, yet one of the hearts stabbed by the news of the day's engagement was Nellie Taylor's.

Lying out upon the cold, damp earth, shattered and chilled, with the echo of the day's artillery ringing still in his ears, the rushing sound of far-away encampments swelling on the night air, the hard breathing, low moans, sometimes the death rattle of his companions in misfortune, close to him on all sides, sometimes a groan breaking through teeth ground together in agony, that all the manly will could not bear silently, sometimes a whisper of prayer, once a name called out in a death-cry, these were the surroundings of the young man, as he prayed silently as a man prays on his deathbed. It seemed to him as he lay there that life was fast gliding from him. A wound in the face had torn out one eye, and another shot shattered his right shoulder, while across his chest had fallen a dead form he was powerless to move. Every hour his breathing grew more of a labor, the darkness around him denser, the sounds more horrible, till at last insensibility closed her friendly arms around him, and he thought he died.

Others thought so, too, for morning found him lying in a row with the dead waiting to be carried in his turn to one of the graves being rapidly dug around the field of battle. A movement, almost imperceptible of his lips attracted the attention of the man who bent over him to raise his shoulders from the ground, a man who loved him, who had let hot tears fall upon his still white face, an hour before, and whose heart leaped with a quick hope as that faint quivering of the lip met his eye.

So from the row of dead he was carried, not to the grave, but to the hospital, where, unknown to himself, he was restored to life, operated upon, lost his arm, and was pronounced blind for life. Mercifully, the blow that deprived him of sight, numbed the brain into a quiet, dull state that was for the time, idiocy.

Mechanically he obeyed when spoken to, but for the most part sat in a dull apathy unconscious of all that passed around him. And the comrade who loved him, searching among his papers for his friends' names found letters signed Nellie, and a little card, daintily inscribed

"Miss Ellen Taylor,
"356 ——— street."

The regiment was from New York, so on the chance of finding some one who loved the wounded soldier a letter was sent to the address on the card, with "New York" added.

And so we come back to Aunt Ruth. She had spoken no words to Nellie of her lover in the long, weary year of his absence, but when the paper brought the list of names from the battle of Winchester Heights with "Arthur Levison, private, killed," the barriers were broken down, and Nellie found her grief soothed by unexpected words of sympathy and love. Even her uncle gave her a gruff word of cheer, though he told his sister he was "heartily glad the fellow was out of the way."

In the fortnight that followed the bitter news, Aunt Ruth let out all her womanly sympathy over the pale, drooping girl, who came to her bosom to moan and sob for her dead. Then came the letter that announced the error. It was given to Nellie by her uncle himself; the handwriting unknown, the post mark "Washington," and he scarcely glanced at either.

The cry that rang through the room as Nellie read, started him to his feet.

"He is alive! Frightfully wounded, but alive in a Washington hospital. Arthur! Arthur!" and then a burst of weeping, such as her sorrow had failed to bring from her heart, broke forth.

Uncle Jasper fumed and fretted, but he found two women opposing him. Aunt Ruth was fatally committed by that false report. She had spoken from her heart words of love for Arthur that could not be recalled, and now that the ice was broken went over heart and soul to Nellie. Something of the life long reverence for her brother, melted away before the words—

"I am heartily glad the fellow is out of the way."

It chilled her love and respect, and they would not warm again to the old fire.

For one whole day after the arrival of that blessed letter, Nellie was almost delirious with the joy of its news, then the dreadful condition described there came with a fuller force to her mind. Blind, with one arm gone; the letter said nothing of his mental state, indeed was written before any consciousness could be expected after such frightful wounds.

What should she do?

She knew that her uncle would not aid her in any plan that could lead to her marriage with Arthur, and yet the faithful little heart was unshaken in its allegiance. She had indignantly denied any love for his money, now she sorrowfully added his beauty and power to the loss, and still knew she loved him.

"Aunt Ruth," she said, wearily, "what can I do? Arthur has lost all, and Uncle Jasper will never give me a penny. I have not one accomplishment that can be turned into money. I play a little, but do not understand music well enough to teach it; drawing, languages, even an English education are all superficially at my command, but you know I was never a deep student, and I cannot teach. I can't turn authoress because I never wrote anything more than a letter in my life, and could not if I would. I can't do anything useful in the world, except make my own bonnets, and that won't support two people."

"No, but—" and Aunt Ruth hesitated.

"But what? Oh, I know. Making other people's might! Was not that your thought, auntie? Be a milliner! I believe I *could*. Just think what a lot I have made for the girls. Oh, Aunt Ruth, if I could! Then Arthur could come home, and I—" and here happy tears choked her.

"What *would* your uncle say?"

"I believe he will choke to death with wrath."

Which he did not do exactly, but certainly came as near as possible to that consummation. Nellie, however, persevered. She took lessons at once of a fashionable milliner, and learned the details of the business, her own exquisite neatness and taste standing her in good stead. No letters from Arthur. Three long months since the battle, and not one line, excepting twice a few lines from his friend, reporting him as recovering, and under his own immediate care, his own light wound having caused him to be detailed as nurse.

Three months, and Nellie became a milliner. On the day when she announced her intention of still keeping to her engagement, her uncle's wrath culminated and exploded, and he ordered her to leave his house, and never return. His surprise may be imagined when Aunt Ruth said, gently but firmly—

"I cannot desert Nellie, Jasper. If she goes, I will go too; indeed, I have already spoken to my lawyer about buying a little house with a store attached, and I shall probably keep it for them."

"Aunt Ruth! Oh, auntie!" And poor Nellie came to caress her aunt.

"It will take about all I am worth, Nell; but with the house and a little stock, we shall succeed. But first we must go to Washington."

"You will go?"

"Yes, my dear. You cannot go alone."

"Understand then," roared Jasper, "that when you leave my house on that errand, you never return."

"We understand!"

Very quietly but very firmly the two women spoke, yet both hearts swelled with a quick pain, as they left the room.

It was a very small store and a wee dwelling that Aunt Ruth's means compassed, and Nellie's jewelry furnished and stocked, but when the last touch was given and the doors locked, when every bit of personal property was within its walls, it seemed already like home. A few hundred dollars still lay in the bank in Aunt Ruth's name, when after a farewell of the most bitter kind, the two left their old home, and started for Washington. They had decided not to open the store until their return, and left it closed.

It was a sad journey; for, with all her fortitude, Nellie was a loving woman, and the parting from her uncle, the dread of how she might find her lover, were painful thoughts for company. With Aunt Ruth, who had no such stimulus as animated her niece, the journey was still more dreary.

"Arthur Levison, — New York? Yes, ma'am, this way, ma'am," and the orderly piloted them up the broad staircase to the door of the long ward.

"Nurse—some ladies for Arthur Levison," and the nurse turned to face them.

"You will find him in that room," said she, pointing to a row of white covered beds, every one bearing its burden of agony. "You know him?"

"Oh, yes."

"Then will you excuse me if I do not go with you? I am very busy."

"Certainly, we can find him."

Up the long avenue between the beds, they went slowly, looking into every face as they passed, but seeing none that was like the handsome one printed upon their memory. At the very end they paused.

"He is not here! Aunt Ruth, he is not here."

Near by them, seated upon the foot of his bed, his hands lying idly upon his lap, his eyelids closed, his face drawn to one side by a wound, pale, emaciated, with a silly smile sometimes crossing his lips, was a soldier. As the plaintive voice fell upon his ear, the first ray of reason that had crossed his mind since the night when he lay upon the battle-field, filled it them. He raised his drooping head, strained open his eyelids, showing the horrible cavity under one, the dead eye under the other, his lips parted, listening.

Again that voice—

"Can we find him, Aunt Ruth? Can he be here, so altered that *I* do not know him?"

"Nellie! Nellie Taylor!"

The first words spoken in all those weary weeks.

She sprang to him at the call, faint and low as it was, then stopped, appalled.

That horrible face, that wreck of the manly form, could it be that this was her Arthur!

Do not blame her that she paused, sick with horror, almost doubting her reason, wishing for one wild moment to flee far away and die.

"Nellie! Nellie Taylor."

Again that wishful cry; and now the left hand reached out, groping.

Groping, to feel itself clasped warmly, the poor head reaching forward found itself pillowed on the bosom, where it had once hoped to rest till death, tears falling fast moistened the rich, brown curls, all left of the beauty once so radiant; and Nellie sobbing, yet trying to speak calmly, was saying,

"I am here, Arthur. I am here, never to leave you again."

At this moment the nurse came up.

"Lors a me, ma'am, did he know you? He hasn't been better than an idiot since he came."

For even she could catch the low, faint voice, that at intervals repeated the loving call—"Nellie! Nellie Taylor."

It was not worth while to talk of going home, for the next day Arthur was down with fever and delirium. Days of anxious watching followed, but the reason so long dormant, struggled in fierce paroxysms to light again, and from the delirium of fever, came out clear and unclouded.

Then came a new, unthought of obstacle to Nellie's love dream. Her lover, for whom she had dared and borne so much, refused utterly to accept the sacrifice.

"I cannot," he would say, "a blind cripple! I cannot so tax your love, my own true love."

By all the arguments a loving heart could use, by all a woman's power of persuasion she sought to win him. At last she said—

"If we were to change places, Arthur, could you give me up? If I were blind and helpless—"

"Oh, Nellie, do not! You know I would only love you the dearer."

"Yet you will let my heart break now, by forcing me from you. It will kill me, if you persist."

And here Aunt Ruth came to Nellie's aid, and so they won his consent at last.

There were moist eyes in the ward in more than one rough face, when the chaplain performed the ceremony that made Nellie, Arthur Levison's wife. Aunt Ruth left them there, to go home and open the little house; but Arthur's discharge being obtained, the young couple soon followed her.

The war is over, and many homes are brightened by the news; yet no truer prayer of thanksgiving arises than comes from the little millinery store, on ——— street, where Nellie Levison makes bonnets to support herself and her blind crippled husband. Some of her former friends pass her by; some, and they are the majority, order of the little milliner, two bonnets of the most extravagant kind, where they formerly wore one. Business flourishes, and the pension helps a little. What Aunt Ruth is, no pen of mine can tell; but a blither, happier little wife, a more comfortable cripple, a pleasanter home, cannot be found than the little millinery store where lives my—was she a *heroine?*

### THE WHISTLER.

"You have heard," said a youth to his sweetheart, who stood
While he sat on a corn-sheaf, at daylight's decline,—
You have heard of the Danish boy's whistle of wood;
I wish that the Danish boy's whistle were mine!"

"And what would you do with it? Tell me," she said,
While an arch smile played over her beautiful face.
"I would blow it," he answered, "and then my fair maid
Would fly to my side, and would there take her place."

"Is that all you wish for? Why that may be yours
Without any magic," the fair maiden cried;
"A favor so slight, one's good nature secures!"
And she playfully seated herself by his side.

"I would blow it again," said the youth; "and the charm
Would work so that not even sweet modesty's cheek
Would be able to keep from my neck your white arm!"
She smiled, and she laid her white arm 'round his neck.

"Yet once more I would blow, and the music divine
Would bring me the third time an exquisite bliss,—
You would lay your fair cheek to this brown one of mine,
And your lips, stealing past it, would give me a kiss."

The maiden laughed out in her innocent glee,—
"What a fool of yourself with the whistle you'd make!
For only consider how silly 'twould be
To sit there and whistle for what you might take."

### Wooden Toothpicks.

Perhaps in all the arts there is no other machine that multiplies the product of labor to a greater extent than the simple little machine recently invented for making wooden toothpicks, and splints for lighting lamps, for matches, for baskets, and for some forty other purposes. A block of wood is placed in the machine and the splints pour out in a constant stream, or cataract, like the pouring of corn from a half bushel.

This machine is as simple as it is effectual, it being nothing more than an ordinary lathe for turning wood, with a little addition. The trunk of a whitewood tree is sawed into blocks of a length equal to the length of the toothpicks or splints, and is centered in the lathe. The turning tool is a long stiff chisel, extending the whole length of the block or more, set vertically with its edge on a level with the centres, and fitted to slide back and forth horizontally, and to be fed forward by a worm, which is turned by the machine. Upon the opposite side of the block is a roller of the same length as the block, with a series of blades secured to its surface, the space between the blades being equal to the width of the splints. For lamplighters the blades are set parallel to each other, but for toothpicks they are set at a small angle, so as to cut the picks off the proper taper, the narrow ends alternating with the broad, and thus using up all the wood.

The block is first turned smooth off by the straight blade, and then the cutter with the radial blades is brought forward against the opposite side, and thrown into gear, when it feeds forward as the wood is cut away. The radial blades cut shallow gashes into the block to a depth just equal to the thickness of the splints, and then as the block revolves the splints are shaved off by a straight chisel. One machine will make 20,000 splints a minute.

### What Verdi Did.

Verdi, when his fame was just rising, was at Milan, and the Austrian commander, delighted with his music, sent for him and asked him to write a march for the Austrian Army. Verdi replied, coldly, "I can only write a retreat for it," which so incensed the white-coat that he replied, "I asked you as a favor to write a march; I now command you to do so. Do you understand?" "Perfectly," replied the composer. "And you consent?" "There is no choice left me, and you shall have the march this evening." That evening the march was delivered, and two days after it was played by all the bands, to the intense joy of the Milanese, who recognized in it a skillfully-interwoven air, known as "Fuori i barbari" (Away with the Barbarians!) Of course Verdi had prudently made himself scarce, or he might have got score for score.

## THE FELLOWSHIP OF SUFFERING.

BY THEODORE TILTON.

Thy cruel Crown of Thorns!
But where, O Lord, is mine?
Are there for me no scoffs and scorns,
Since only such were Thine?

Or, having named Thy name,
Shall I no burden take?
And is there left no thorn, no shame,
To suffer for Thy sake?

Unscourged of any whip,
Unpierced of any sting—
O Lord, how faint my fellowship
With Thy sad suffering!

Yet Thy dread sacrifice
So fills my soul with woe,
That all the fountains of mine eyes
Well up and overflow.

The spear that pierced Thy side
Gave wounds to more than Thee.
Within my soul, O Crucified,
Thy Cross is laid on me!

And as Thy rocky tomb
Was in a garden fair,
Where round about stood flowers in bloom,
To sweeten all the air—

So in my heart of stone
I sepulchre Thy death,
While thoughts of Thee, like roses blown,
Bring sweetness in their breath.

Arise not, O my dead!—
As one whom Mary sought,
And found an empty tomb instead,
Her spices all for nought—

O Lord, not so depart
From my enshrining breast,
But lie anointed in a heart
That by Thy death is blest.

Or if Thou shalt arise,
Abandon not Thy grave,
But bear it with Thee to the skies—
A heart that Thou shalt save!

—*Drifted Snow-Flakes.*

## "P. Q."

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY FAIRFIELD EWING.

"Madge, *do* tell me the meaning of those mysterious letters. I have puzzled my brain over them, and why they are always dangling from your watch chain, the constant companion of that tiny basket you seem to prize beyond all earthly things. Some lover gave them as charms to ward off other influences than his own. You need not smile so provokingly, just as though I was wide of the mark. I shall find out some day, I know. Perhaps it is the badge of some secret Order of which you are a member. That is it. Hurrah! I have found out Madge's lasting secret at last," and the incorrigible fellow seizing her slender waist danced half round the room before letting her down. Then with a look of deep gravity, commenced again.

"Since you will not condescend to inform me, the next one I meet wearing those letters I shall—"

"Shall what?" asked Madge, laughing merrily.

"Not tell you, is certain, for one thing."

"What is the terrible other your manner seems to imply?"

"In some way find out the meaning of 'P. Q.'"

"But we shall be late, cousin mine, if I do not stop this nonsense and take you to the carriage."

Madge took her cousin's arm, drawing her shawl around her and over the gleaming chain with its queer ornaments; they were soon seated in the carriage and whirling away to one of those parties which are making the winter in Cincinnati so gay.

The rooms were lighted and well filled when Walter paused near the door, conscious of the attention their entrance had attracted. Conscious, too, that he held upon his arm the dearest, sweetest being earth held for him. He enjoyed the admiration Madge's appearance always drew forth more than any one imagined who saw him with the gentle girl.

"How devoted Walter Scott is to Madge Rivers."

"Indeed, I should think so," was the slightly sneering response. "He has not left her side but once since entering the room. Strange that he would venture out with her at all, some one will be sure to see her."

The last words were full of passion, and startled the hearer, who looked at Edwin Grey in astonishment.

"You need not look so surprised, Hattie, I have cause. Mr. Scott refused me the introduction I sought for some trivial reason, in reality, no reason at all. Possibly he thought those pretty lips might smile upon me, and he lose the chance of the thousands she is said to possess. But I shall be even with him yet."

"Edwin, I will introduce you to Madge. I knew her long ago, and she could not have entirely forgotten me."

Just then she swept by with a tall, elderly gentleman, who had carried her off, much to Walter's dissatisfaction, for a stroll through the music rooms. Since the first day of her visit in his house had he loved Madge devotedly. Her light step always sent a thrill of gladness through his soul, and nothing could be enjoyed without her sweet presence. How he wished there was no such thing as society and its claims, for it broke into and upon those delicious evenings he and Madge spent together, practising duetts or singing those old German songs. He stood savagely gnawing the moustached lip, not trying to analyze the feelings now rushing over him, but very conscious that they were miserable ones, and of a half undefined thought that the light of his life might be slowly going out; that Madge was slipping from his grasp. To-night she was very beautiful, more etherial than ever before. A fragile, delicate organization, which a rude touch might crush hopelessly. The soft silk fell in folds from the slight figure, the low bodice revealing the white shoulders under a cloud of lace; the small hands toying with the flowers she held, and the pale, spiritual face bending over and anon to inhale the perfume of the fragrant blossoms, or lit up with a smile as the dark, earnest eyes were lifted to her companion's face, was a picture upon which Walter could not look with calmness.

The blood flowed thickly through his veins when his thoughts turned inward, and he tried to stifle his own impulses. He stood to-night some distance from her, absently conversing with a shy, bashful girl, who looked as though she would much rather have been solving a problem in the legendary than endeavoring to converse with this stylish young man by her side. Was very probably better satisfied with his present manner than if he had devoted himself entirely to the task of entertaining her. Near them was Edwin Grey and his sister Hattie. Through the rustling dresses and moving figures he could see Cousin Madge leaning upon the piano, gracefully conversing with a little circle of which she was the light.

"Oh if that odious year younger had not been such a barrier." He would have willingly given five of the best years of his life to have added two more to his present age, and been a year older, rather than a year younger, than Madge.

"And yet she does not look to be twenty-three—not more than nineteen. I wish she was but that. Heavens! there is Edwin Grey and Hattie being introduced—actually kissing Hattie. What is that for?"

"What?" asked his companion in surprise. Walter looked, comprehending in a moment the cause of her query. He had given his thoughts words.

"I beg your pardon, I did not know I was speaking aloud. Would you like a promenade upon the verandah?" said he, feeling as though if he had not air to cool the fever now burning within, he should not be able to get through the evening. The young lady declined, excusing him however from further attendance by saying, "There is mamma coming this way." Thus released, he strode back and forth in the refreshing air; then threw himself down upon a seat to regain composure before returning to the rooms—his jealous thoughts again were busy. He had sat there for some time, becoming calm and silent under the influence of the jeweled sky above him, and better thoughts filled the place so lately occupied by the unreasoning jealousy, when the sound of voices roused him. He instantly recognized Madge's figure and some gentleman, whose observation he did hear. Bending his head he caught the answer.

"No, I think I never met Mr. Grey before. He is an entire stranger—beyond the slight acquaintance of this evening."

"Yet he says he had the honor of knowing Miss Rivers some years ago."

"His sister, Miss Hattie and I, formerly were playmates."

"Oh, possibly that may have been the way," replied the gentleman, whose tones Walter recognized as belonging to Mr. Bowen, an acquaintance of the family.

"Yet, Miss Rivers, he professes to be bound to you by no slight tie; claiming to be a member of the circle whose insignia is this," touching lightly the little bar of gold which bore the mysterious letters. Madge suddenly stopped, stood as if petrified; opening her lips as if to speak, but they closed again without a sound.

"Why, Miss Rivers! Madge! What is the matter? Have I offended you? Speak and tell me!" for the blue eyes had never left his face, but seemed set in an endless stare. "Madge! Madge!" giving her a frightened shake to bring her thoughts back, and divest that gaze from his face. How he remembered it long afterwards with an involuntary shudder.

"Nothing is the matter," came at last in husky tones, her eyes falling to the floor. After a moment her voice again broke the silence. Husky yet, and seemingly burthened with pain.

"What you say cannot be true. You surely are mistaken," she added, as though her words needed confirmation.

"I think not. He wears the badge upon his chain, and the rest he gave me to understand after meeting, or rather seeing, you at Mrs. Roberts's reception; for I believe he was not introduced."

"Oh, I can't, *can't* believe it! He cannot wear that;" the words were half wailing and full of anguish.

"Miss Rivers, come and see for yourself," said he, drawing her to the doorway, where she shrank a moment from entering. Then, as if with sudden courage, started in and was out of sight. Walter forgot all about himself in this new revelation.

"What was it?" he thought. He had noticed Madge flush when tossing her about the oddities she would persist in wearing; but he never dreamed they were of any great moment, and was puzzled to understand the conversation. "I will go and see how it ends."

Catching hold of the window-sash, he threw it up; traversed the long supper-room, gaining the other entrance-door first, as Madge and her escort reached the centre of the room.

Gathered at one side were a number of ladies and gentlemen in a little coterie, from whom he rapidly singled out Edwin Grey, leaning languidly back, seeming but half a member of the merry group, for his eyes went roving over the room, as though searching for some one not there. A slight start betrayed his knowledge of Madge and Mr. Bowen near by with evident intention of joining the circle.

"Miss Rivers, allow me to give you a seat," gracefully proffering a chair, into which Madge sank, seating himself, glancing at the third for Mr. Bowen, who responded to the unspoken invitation with a bow, saying,

"I shall avail myself some other time."

Walter had glided to the window near by, partially concealing himself by the heavy curtains.

He wished to be where he could watch Madge unobserved, and ferret out some of the mystery which had been thrown around her. Very plainly he could see her figure now, but her face was shaded by her hand.

Mr. Grey bent over to her with some pleasant remarks, which were so quietly received, that taking a closer look, he observed the deathlike pallor.

"You are not well, Miss Rivers. What can I do for you?"

"Tell Walter I should like to return home."

Mr. Grey arose, and beckoned his sister to his side.

"Hattie, Miss Rivers is not well; please stay till I find her cousin."

Walter came from the window, asking Madge if she was tired, and wished to go.

Her only answer was to take his arm and proceed with him to the door. "So, Mr. Scott has found you? I have been looking for him all through the rooms. I hope you are feeling better?"

"I shall, probably, when in the open air."

Bringing her shawls, wrapping them tenderly round the light form, was Walter; never by the least sign recognizing Mr. Grey's presence.

Madge passed her arm within his own, saying,

"Walter, please take me to the carriage soon. I am so faint."

Hastily fastening the dainty, white hood, with its azure ribbons, he took her in his arms, and ran down the steps, not stopping till she was safely deposited inside; then, with a few rapid directions to the driver, sprang in himself, not giving Mr. Grey, who had followed, an instant to gain a word with either.

The ride was not long, and Walter again insisted upon carrying his cousin to her room.

Pushing open the door, he placed his burden in the chair before the cosy fire, now half smouldering.

Stirring it vigorously, the flames shot up, filling the room with their soft, warm glow.

"Now shall I send for Ria? or may I not stay myself till you are better?"

"No; I will bid you good-night now, and ring for Ria when I want her;" holding out the jewelled hand, which Walter took in his own, hiding the fragile little fingers in his broad palm, but did not stir, as he stood looking down upon the occupant of the chair.

Madge raised her eyes.

"Walter, please go, and leave me."

"Not while you are suffering. What is it? Cannot you tell me?" said he, sinking down before her, gathering the little, helpless hands into his own, his face full of earnest sympathy. Then the self-imposed control gave way completely.

"Walter *don't;*" and a shiver ran through her, as she laid her head upon the arm of the chair.

Walter knelt on the floor silent, utterly at a loss to comprehend the anguish now forcing low moans from her white lips. At last he spoke.

"Madge, must you suffer alone, without any alleviation? and so terribly, too."

"Suffer! You cannot know how I have suffered, and must all these long years to come. It cannot be—dead, and I not there, not there," she repeated incoherently.

Now thoroughly alarmed, he lifted her upon the sofa, then seized the bell, and rang it so furiously, that Ria, Mrs. Scott, and half the domestics came rushing up-stairs to learn the cause.

"Why, Walter, what is—"

"Hush, mother," pointing to the figure on the sofa. "Madge was taken ill, and I brought her home."

"Why, dear me," and Mrs. Scott hastened to where Madge lay, still unconsciously moaning.

"Do you, Walter, get Dr. Edwards here as soon as possible."

"Dear me, this is bad; what could have caused it?" ejaculated the sympathizing Ria, as she divested the restless girl of her many wrappings, coming at last to the beautiful dress, the lace bertha, and crushed flowers, the gleaming jewels beneath. One by one they were taken off; one by one laid in the open drawer, with the doubt that they ever would be wanted again soon, for, from the fevered lips, came incoherent ravings, and the little hands would clench themselves tightly, or reach out for help.

Dr. Edwards's face was very grave as he held the wrist between his fingers, and felt the blood surging madly through her veins, and heard the moanings coming at intervals.

After a quieting potion, he sat down and watched her for some time. Leaving her finally in charge of Mrs. Scott, he called Walter, and bade him tell him what he knew of the first attack or symptoms. If there had been any sudden shock?

No, he did not know surely. There had been no sudden shock, or anything which he could tell the doctor without betraying all he had overheard and seen.

So he quietly said:

"She appeared ill about the middle of the evening; requested to be brought home, growing worse all the while till you were summoned. Is there any danger?" asked he, after finishing the concise answer.

"Very great. There has been a severe mental shock, in spite of all you say, and—pardon my plainness—I think you know of it. Am I not right?" as his searching look marked the sudden flush.

Walter hesitated but a moment.

"I will give you, doctor, my own knowledge. You can draw your inferences, though I hope you will consider it private information."

"Do not be afraid, sir. My profession requires all such."

Beginning at the first of the evening, the incidents were related of which he had been an observer, not forgetting the words Madge had uttered before the family had been summoned.

"Very strange, very strange. There is something connected with those ornaments which must be unraveled. I should like to see them, if they could be got without attracting attention."

Walter left the window where they had withdrawn, and crossed the room. As he did so, he caught sight of Madge's face, the shaded light making it look like the pillow upon which it rested; and the stupor was akin to that endless sleep from which mortals never awake. His heart stopped in sudden dread. Not a motion betrayed life.

The doctor came quickly forward; in answer to the frightened look, drew a small pocket-mirror, holding it near the parted lips. Slowly little, misty globules gathered there.

With a great sigh of relief, Walter turned to the dressing-case and opened the drawer in which the jewels she had worn that evening had been placed. From among them he drew out the tiny watch, the lively tick betraying its resting place, opened the velvet case, and placed it beside the lamp for Dr. Edwards's inspection, who had lingered a few moments longer at the bedside. Carefully he lifted it from its satiney case, and from among the shining coils shook out the mysterious charms, the tiny bar quivering back and forth like a thing of life.

The doctor looked upon the black enameled letters curiously; and turning it over, scrutinized the other side closely.

"Your eyes are younger than mine. See what this is."

Walter looked for a moment at the delicate characters, then read the single word traced there and a date of five years back.

"What is it?"

"'Dwight,' and the date of May 6th, 185-."

"Six years ago."

"Not quite yet. What could it mean?"

The two pondered over it for a long time, indulging in surmises and conjectures, leaving them none the wiser.

"You say Edwin Grey wore the exact counterpart of these to-night?"

"Yes, I saw them from my concealment very plainly several times."

"I cannot unravel it. We will have to wait patiently for developments. In the meantime say nothing about this to any one, keeping a close watch and making all the observations possible. I will do the same."

All through the long night they watched at the bedside; the time told by the heavy clang of the clock in the distance. As the ponderous strokes fell one by one, marking the hours that never would return again, Walter's head sank upon his arm, and he felt them as warning him in audible voices that each hour was fraught with either life or death. Solemn were the thoughts they brought. A loved one's life was trembling in the balance. Which way would it turn? If she died!—but he put away the thought as hateful, not to be harbored.

When returning vigor was Madge's he would take up the threads, evidently shattered by some rude hand and weave a web of brightest colors for her.

If it was not to be that his life should become with hers a united one, not a murmur should trouble her existence from him.

With the first streaks of rosy light, Dr. Edwards went to his other duties, leaving directions should any emergency arise.

The morning slowly wore away, Madge still sleeping.

Walter insisted upon being permitted to watch beside his darling, and relieving his mother, who was sitting near, worn and pale with the night's vigil.

Reluctantly she finally left the room to seek the rest so needed, leaving Walter and Ria still there.

Then silence again reigned. Ria sat by the window reading quietly, her eyes straying anxiously to the couch, for she loved her young mistress ardently; occasionally resting upon the moody head, bowed upon its side.

After some hours the physician came, but Madge was still sleeping, a dreamless slumber, unbroken by the loud sounds in the room or the distant rumbling of the drayman's cart.

The eager eyes betrayed their interest, when, after a silent look at the unconscious girl, the doctor prepared a powder to be taken when she awoke.

"All very favorable as yet. She will waken perhaps this evening, possibly not till midnight. We will hope for the best," said he, encouragingly, for he had read the carefully guarded secret during the past night, and felt how dear Walter's cousin's life was to him. "I will be in at seven. If she becomes conscious before that time give the powder as directed. Good-morning," and the room was again silent. A half hour glided by when a restless movement attracted Walter's


# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

## NEW LIFE, TALENT AND ENERGY.

## SPLENDID ARRAY OF CONTRIBUTORS.

### UNSURPASSED AND UNSURPASSABLE.

That old favorite of the reading public, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, has passed into the management of a NEW FIRM, who are determined to infuse FRESH LIFE, TALENT and ENERGY into its columns. The popular novelist,

**EMERSON BENNETT,**

Author of "PRAIRIE FLOWER," "THE REFUGEES," "CLARA MORELAND," &c., &c.

has been engaged, at a great expense, as a regular contributor, and will

**WRITE EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE POST.**

Mr. Bennett will begin a continued story in the first number of the New Year. It will be called

## THE PHANTOM OF THE FOREST;

### A TALE OF THE BACKWOODS.

This story will run through from twelve to fifteen numbers, and be a story of the early settlement of Kentucky, including adventures with the Indians in that romantic region which was generally called by the pioneers of civilization, "the dark and bloody ground."

THE POST will be edited by Mrs. BELLA Z. SPENCER, who will also contribute a continued story in the course of the year, entitled

**GENEVIEVE HOWE.**

Our columns will be further supplied with original contributions by the following

## SPLENDID LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS:

WILLIAM C. BRYANT,
Author of "Thanatopsis" and other Poems.
FLORENCE PERCY,
Author of "Rock Me to Sleep," &c.
MRS. LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON,
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attention. Madge had turned her head over, and was now facing him with half-open eyes, yet not awake. In breathless suspense he waited for the next move, but she did not stir. The heavy lids went down, and she again slept.

Two hours more when, without a moment's warning, the eyes opened wide. Walter's heart throbbed heavily, for no ray of intelligence shone there. Only for a moment was it that they met his so blankly. An effort to speak, then came the whispered words:

"Where am I?"

"Do you not know?" he returned in the same low tone, glancing round the room and at Ria sitting near. The languid eyes slowly followed his own, finally resting upon his face.

"What has happened?"

"Nothing of any great moment. You were taken ill."

"When?"

"Before we came home last night."

"Last night," dreamily echoing the words.

"Yes, at R's. Can you remember it?" said he, a great throb of fear betraying itself in his shaking voice, for—was *this* what the doctor feared, a shattered mind? He could not bear it, and spite of all a deep groan burst forth.

Walter's face with its sorrow must have brought the wandering thoughts back, for Madge spoke soon.

"It seems a great while ago, but I now remember it, and—oh, Walter, it has all come back now," burying her face in the counterpane, while her form shook with emotion. The full heart ached, too; but he was silent over this sorrow, whatever it might be, for he felt it beyond his power to offer consolation.

For some time the paroxysm lasted, but finally it was over, and she lay quietly among the pillows.

"Madge, dear, here is the medicine you were to take as soon as you awoke."

Like a child she obeyed him as he brought the mixture, and soothingly spoke, bidding her "Now sleep if possible."

"I cannot," she drearily answered. "How weak I am," trying to rise, but sinking back; "mentally, too," she added. "All those long years I have suffered, and thought it over till last night, when the wearying pain came back."

"Madge, you had better not talk," though every nerve thrilled with the thought that the explanation of all that had been so full of mystery in the past might now be given.

Putting away all selfish thoughts he regained composure. This, with the medicine, soon lulled her to sleep again, a gentle, peaceful slumber. When Doctor Edwards called again, he expressed himself quite hopefully, "that the convalescence would be rapid." It did not prove so, however. Slowly her strength seemed to come, and she would be silent for hours upon the sofa. Oft-times the delicate brows contracted in pain, as though there was an inward combat—a struggle which took away all wish for exertion, or aught else but to lie there and endure.

So Walter read the varying changes as they flitted over the pale face. Mr. Grey had inquired for Madge's progress since the first day of her illness. After she came down stairs he called one afternoon, and was taken by her request into the sitting-room where her sofa had been placed.

He came forward with smiles, glad to know Miss Rivers had so far recovered; seated himself by the side of the low couch, and devoted the time in his entertaining manner, to the news, bits of gossip, good wishes of himself and others for her rapid recovery, till Walter fain would have shortened his call instead of lengthening it, as he seemed inclined to do. Madge, too, roused from the lethargy now habitual was really interested.

After that first visit, there came hot-house flowers, arranged with exquisite taste, tiny baskets of fruit, and the latest publications.

When able to ride, it was always in the luxurious carriage of the Greys, sometimes with Hattie, oftener with Edwin.

Walter, at home, felt as though entirely forgotten. The entire devotion when in health, his faithful care when death seemed to be very near, he bitterly thought, was nothing. Nothing when compared with a few perishing fruits and flowers from the hand of a stranger.

He was *not* forgotten, however. One evening when alone with her cousin, before the lamps were lighted, and deep shadows lurked in the corners of the room, ready at every gleam of fire-light to chase each other over the walls in elfish gambols, Madge gently asked him to sit down beside her until she could tell him how much she appreciated the unobtrusive kindness and delicate consideration he had shown her. She might have added more, when Walter stopped her utterance, lightly laying his hand over her mouth.

"Do not think of it," said he, a little coldly. "Mr. Grey has done more."

"Why no, he has not. You were so good to me."

"That is nothing at all. Duty always is plain."

Oh, well, if he did not care, was only kind to her from a sense of duty, there was no need of thanks, if that was all of his care for her; and Madge turned her face to the wall with a miserable feeling that her real friends were very few indeed. The clouds upon her brow deepened and darkened when the door closed, leaving her alone. The fire-light blazed and flashed up into her face, but not a shade of brightness crossed it till Mr. Grey was announced, with Hattie, who busied herself, after the lights were brought, and they comfortably seated for the evening, in keeping Walter to herself, even trying by innocent wiles to bring the olden light back to his eyes, and win more than a ghost of a smile from his lips; but all in vain. His thoughts would wander to Mr. Grey seated so carelessly beside Madge. What right had he to usurp privileges, he, her cousin, would not have thought of claiming.

He felt an intense dislike to the man. Unwarrantable, Madge thought, with others, who could see no cause why the handsome Mr. Grey should be so obnoxious to Walter.

Apart from jealousy which had not in this case cast a glamor over the object, blinding him entirely, it had opened his eyes wider, and the cold, selfish nature beneath the surface was very plain. The polished words were but flimsy disguises, used to further his own interests. Nor could he understand why Madge's usually clear vision should be so blinded as not to see that the obsequious attentions and observance of her slightest wish were not prompted by any real sympathy or genuine feeling of love.

That he was mercenary, he knew, from his natural disposition; but he congratulated himself that the knowledge of Madge's broad acres had not reached him yet.

He little knew of the bond between them, and of the conversation of one afternoon among the first Madge had spent down-stairs, or he might have proven a more powerful opposer than Edwin had now found him.

He would have weighed well the character of such a man, knowing him as he did, giving such information.

Motives and various circumstances coming in for their scrutiny. But he did not know, nor did Madge, naturally reticent, confide aught of her sorrow to him, but held it locked within her own bosom, feeling sometimes if it was not for Edwin's ready sympathy, she would not care to live. That day she had been nicely arranged upon her sofa, with books and portfolio within reach, if she wished to read, or spend the time in writing.

Thus Mr. Grey found her, not writing, or even reading, but lying there on the soft cushions, one hand supporting her cheek, the other clasped in the pages of Bayard Taylor's Journal, sadly thinking. He walked in as though privileged, telling Mrs. Scott "Not to trouble herself; he would find Miss Rivers."

Madge opened her eyes when he drew a seat by her, and rather tenderly inquired for her health. Without answering, the deep, earnest eyes were turned upon the handsome face bending over her.

"What is it?" he asked, as he read the mute appeal. "Will you not tell me where you got these; why you wear them?" came at last brokenly from the white lips.

His eyes fell upon the floor, and, was it fancy or did the blood really recede, when the delicate hand was laid upon the little ornaments? Madge could not tell. Only a passing fancy, she thought, as he bent over to her again, saying, very gently,

"Be sure that you care to know, that your strength is sufficient."

"I know the worst. I know that he is dead, else you never would have had those. And tell me, I beg, what you know of it," she could not say of "him," the loved, and now gone.

Edwin Grey sat with his hand concealing his mouth, while his eyes were fastened on the floor.

At length he spoke.

"It was almost four years ago that I knew 'Dwight Hervey.'"

Madge convulsively clasped both hands over her eyes. Why could she could not have seen the sinister smile flit over the face of the one by her side? But she did not, and after a slight pause, he went on:

"Being from the same state, with the same purposes, hopes, and plans, we soon were quite friends, almost brothers. Not to pain you needlessly, I will skip all unnecessary detail, and all the hours we have spent together, but never can again; and give you in my feeble, imperfect way, the manner the world lost one of her noblemen. He had amassed considerable property, when he finally decided to return home, and had converted it all into money, when it was stolen by some daring thief, who left no trace behind. This terrible blow made him ill for weeks, aided by anxiety about things connected with his home; another disease set in, and terminated his life. His watch and ring fortunately were left. With these, funeral expenses were paid, and other incidentals. From the chain I detached these, and took possession of a lady's ambrotype, bringing them with me, hoping by wearing the chains to be able to trace out the one who was doubtless mourning her lost lover.

"I had no clue beyond this name of Madge, traced upon the inside of the little box, and the picture which I knew to be of you the instant I saw you with your cousin at the reception, some three weeks ago.

"He never told me your name, but I trusted to fortune to bring us together; and so it has. Dwight told me the pictured face belonged to his dearest friend, and I want you to be mine," said he, softly, drawing her hands away from the wet face. "Do not grieve," as the tears now burst faster. "It will only make you ill again. You know he is at rest."

"Oh, Dwight! Dwight!" she wailed. "If you never had gone there to die!"

"Hush, Madge. Be quiet, if possible. There is no avail in tears or regrets for him now."

Thus soothing, and reasoning with her, she soon lay quiet, and when Mr. Grey left, it was with the consciousness of having fulfilled his mission, whatsoever that mission may have been.

Madge kept her sorrows to herself, never asking sympathy from those who would have been so ready to give it; so they knew but little of the real truth.

Being an orphan, and spending her life among strangers, made her shrink within herself, and make but few real friends. Many acquaintances she had, for all were ready to do homage to the gentle girl, but none, till they were tried and true, did she admit to her confidence and trust.

As the weeks went by, she finally recovered from the illness, though the white face was whiter still, and the earnest eyes were more earnest. And sometimes in their gaze was a mute woe, asking unconsciously for sympathy.

Beside her, indeed almost everywhere, was Edwin Grey, to the utter exclusion of all others; and report said those blue eyes were learning to brighten at his approach.

Society congratulated itself there was a probability of the brown-stone mansion so long unoccupied, now being filled by a pretty little woman, who, it was hoped, would make a better man of Edwin Grey. Not that there could be anything particular alleged against him now, but he had been a wild boy before that long Western trip. What adventures had been his, were never known by any, though numberless surmises and conjectures were rife regarding his sudden return home.

He now was devoting his time in reality to the profession chosen, and naught could be brought against his present life.

One evening, Madge came up stairs, and sitting down on the stool at Mrs. Scott's feet, told her she had plighted her faith to Edwin Grey.

"My dear child," and the old lady laid her hand in kindly blessing upon her head, "may you be supremely happy."

"That never can be, auntie. There was one with whom I should have been so. He is gone now," she sadly said, "and I doubt that there is another."

Both were silent for a moment, when Madge again spoke.

"I cannot love him as I loved once, but there is a sincere regard and respect, which he tells me will, in time, become all he could ask."

"Madge," and the good old lady, who had not heard a word of what she had been saying, now spoke the hospitable thoughts the first announcement brought, "you will be married here, will you not? I never had a daughter, so I feel as if I had a right to give my dead brother's child a merry wedding."

"Not that—not a merry one. I could not bear it. Edwin and I have talked over the matter, and he is perfectly willing for a quiet wedding, though it must not be here, taxing you."

"It would be such a pleasure. You know my baby daughter died, and I had none till you came. It is too bad you must be stolen away when fitting in here so nicely."

Madge made no reply, but sat looking out of the window in a preoccupied manner, with none of the blushing joy or sweet consciousness of the betrothed maiden. Under the new relation not a wave of color ever dyed the white cheek, or left its stain upon the marble brow. A sweet smile welcomed her lover as he came each day, but nothing more. He, on the contrary, could not talk to and of her too much.

She seemed to fill all his waking hours, and he averred "haunted his dreams." To all this nonsense Madge smiled so quietly, that one day he grew almost angry, saying, she cared very little for him, as there was no interest evinced in anything he said or proposed.

"Edwin, how can you think so," brushing away the tears the quick remark caused to well up. "You know I care for you more than I shall any one else. That you have my respect and esteem. You were willing to wait for the—love."

"Yes, Madge; only show a little more interest, and I will be satisfied." For he really loved her, though thinking sometimes it was very little she gave in return.

"Those thousands will make up for any coldness on her part."

This was most satisfactory to one of his selfish nature.

He had a practical realization of what it was to struggle in the world for appearances sake. The profession he had chosen, though not distasteful, was irksome ofttimes. Much pleasanter it would have been to indite tender epistles to some lady friend or enjoy a promenade, than listen to the clients frequenting this office, or engaged upon a plea for the same.

The prospect of Madge's wealth was absolutely dazzling. "Then I can live," he ejaculated when a more than usually disagreeable day was ended, and he closed the office door, locking it against all intruders, thoroughly disgusted for that time with "tiresome business," as he termed it.

He had urged a speedy marriage, and Madge had consented it should be when the June roses were blooming.

"Not before then? Why this is March."

"Not quite three months. Surely that will be time enough, will it not?"

And Edwin, after a few more ineffectual attempts to change her decision, was forced to consent, though it went sorely against his will.

"What if something should happen," fairly shuddering at the idea.

"It cannot. I am safe there," he said, reassuringly, to himself.

The wedding preparations were all completed, and three more days would find Madge "Mrs. Grey."

June, with her balmy air and singing birds, had come at last. Bright and cheery shone the sun, the dewdrops were not dried from the lawn, but sparkled on the grass yet, when Edwin came for an early call at Mr. Scott's, carrying a bouquet of white rose-buds. He looked very handsome that beautiful morning, as he came up the walk with the firm, quick step, the resolute bearing; and Madge, for the first time, felt a thrill of pride in the one who was to shape her whole future life. Obeying the impulse of the moment, she leaned from the window and bade him a cheery "good-morning."

"Madge, dear, see what I have brought you as a bribe, for a walk with me this lovely morning;" holding up the flowers.

"How beautiful," extending her hands for them.

"You cannot catch them;" laughing at her endeavors to reach the flowers as he tossed the fragrant buds to the window.

"Get your hat and gloves for a walk, then you may have them."

"Auntie cannot spare me."

"Yes she will; the air will do you good. I will ask her, while you get ready;" and he sprang up the stone-steps, passing through the hall in search of Mrs. Scott, without questioning his privilege of so doing.

Madge ran to the stairway, and leaning over the balustrade, watched him till the fine form disappeared through a distant door. Then she slowly went back to the window, and saw Walter open the gate for some stranger to enter; close it, and walk up the paved way with him, both earnestly conversing.

"Who can that be with Walter? Some one I have seen. Where?" Watching them advance with considerable interest. Strange that she should not know him, when every gesture was hauntingly familiar.

As they came on Walter stole a glance upward. Madge bowed and smiled, but he did not respond, only striding into the house. The steps falling heavily on her sensitive heart, filling it again with sorrow, when bright and joyous days were just dawning.

Something had changed Walter from what he had been when she first knew him. Always kind, and ready yet to comply with her slightest request; he was not the gay companion of other days. In the absorption of her thoughts she had not noticed this, vaguely feeling the change. Now he was avoiding even a morning salutation.

The gate opened and shut with a bang.

Mechanically raising her eyes, she saw Edwin crossing the street rapidly.

"I suppose he is offended now because I was so tardy. My beautiful day is completely spoiled, and I was feeling so happy this morning for the first time. When *will* life's ills be over?"

There came a knock upon the door. Opening it, there stood Walter, who looked down at her but did not speak.

"Did you want anything?" said she, gently; for the grave solemn manner put to flight all thoughts of being angry.

"Yes, I want you to come down stairs with me. A gentleman is here who wishes to see you. A very dear friend of yours once, if what he says is true."

"Did he give his name?"

"Yes. They sent me to tell you. To prepare you for a great shock," said he, as they descended the stairway together; "and I am utterly powerless to do it."

"Walter, what are you speaking about?" said Madge, stopping short and looking up into his face. She saw it was full of apprehension. "Tell me!" A vague fear of something terrible coming upon her.

Passing his arm round her form, he drew her to the drawing-room door.

"I beg of you not to let your feelings, whatever they may be, entirely overwhelm you, Madge. Remember, Walter is your friend in everything. *Everything*, remember;" taking her face between his hands, and tears of pity for her in his eyes.

"You frighten me so. What have I done?"

"Nothing, nothing; only for your own sake be brave."

The door opened, and Mrs. Scott came out, looking at Walter questioningly.

"Does she know?"

"No, mother, I cannot tell her."

But Madge had seen another in the door, and stood looking at the man with starting eyes.

He advanced a few steps, then spoke,

"Margery."

"Dwight Hervey!" and her convulsive scream ran through the house.

Gathering her up they carried her to the sofa, but her eyes opened soon, and her first words were—

"Dwight! Dwight! why did you not come before?"

"My darling," and the strong arm drew her closer, while tears of joy rolled down the tanned face.

"Oh, I have been so lonely these long years without you. You will never leave me again." Winding her arms round his neck and childishly resting her face against his arm.

And Walter, feeling that they were no longer needed, drew his mother from the room, closing the door gently behind.

Not till the dinner hour had come and gone a long while, did Mrs. Scott venture to disturb the happy lovers. Madge's face was perfectly radiant.

"Oh, auntie, he never will leave me again. Come and see him." Taking her to meet the one whose presence had shed such brightness over her future. Walter came next, and could not resist a warm glow of sympathy in her evident happiness, nor help saying, rather inadvertently,

"Well, I am glad that Grey will never trouble us again."

It was an awkward speech he felt, the moment it had been spoken. Madge colored painfully, involuntarily drawing closer to the bronzed man at her side, who looked very grave; while Mrs. Scott, whose first bewilderment had not abated very much, now felt another whirl in her brain.

"Grey—" she had forgotten him in the excitement of the stranger's arrival, who now claimed Madge for his own. A long-lost lover returned, and her wedding-day not far distant with another. What would be done? Mr. Hervey was the first to speak.

"I am quite of your opinion that Mr. Grey will not trouble us much. He knew me the instant he discovered us in the doorway, and very wisely left the house. I safely predict he will not return, unless this lady so wills it," looking down with a smile into Madge's face.

Her lips wore no responsive gleam. It was too sore a subject, as they all saw, and adroitly it was changed. Still it was not possible there should be no reference to the event Mr. Hervey's presence had so frustrated.

Madge could not yet bear to hear the necessary explanations; when her uncle's step sounded in the hall, she slipped from the protecting arm, and ran away to think.

Then it came out to the full satisfaction of all, and the clearing up of the mystified state of Mrs. Scott's brain.

Dwight and Madge had early formed a friendship, which continued throughout his college life, at the end of which they were betrothed.

Madge being quite young, her father, who then was living, objected to the marriage taking place very soon, "and I, in my hasty nature, thought it was because he was too proud to mate his peerless daughter with a penniless man. I know better now; but then I determined to come the next time with as full coffers as his own. So Madge promised to wait, to be patient while I was gone. One year of separation passed by. Our letters bridging the long distance, making it less bitter. I had been successful in gaining a good start, and hoped the years might not be many before Madge could be my wife. During this time I met Edwin Grey, and we soon were friends. It is needless to say I gave him no confidence regarding my private matters, holding them all too sacred to be lightly named. He also observed the same silence, so we knew little as to the past history of the other. One day I came upon him unawares, and found Madge's picture in his hands. 'Where did you get that?' I cried in astonishment."

"'Here, on the table, and had I been inclined, might have carried off some of your traps,' pointing to a promiscuous heap of things I had in my hurry tossed there. I am quite sure now the miniature had not been there, but I did not think of that then, only held out my hand. 'I will take that, if you please.'

"'Certainly. I hope you will forgive the liberty taken. It seemed so good to look upon such a face, that I could not resist the temptation. I have no pictures of those I love; perhaps not a real friend in the world."

"I was melted at once. 'I will be your friend,' was my impulsive answer. He only clasped my hand silently. The next day came a long letter from Madge, and one from a college friend, who lived near her home. They both were in one envelope. In my delight, I told Edwin Grey of my two letters, one from Madge, the other from Mr. Terry. He seemed quite interested, asking about her, what obstacle existed, &c. Very foolishly I blurted out my own wounded feelings; the whole story of her father's great wealth and my poverty, saying some day I hoped to take her without her father's gold. He only listened, saying nothing, seeming more abstracted than usual for several days, but after that was the same.

"One evening, when we were gathered round the fire, discussing our future plans, a letter was handed me from Terry, saying, Mr. Rivers was dead, Madge quite ill, and desiring my presence."

"I made a few hasty preparations to go, and but a day lacked of my departure, when another letter, precisely in appearance like the others, came, saying Madge's illness had terminated fatally."

"I cannot tell you how terribly the blow told. Suffice to say, it was a long year before I was myself. No letters reached me. I cared for none. Grey had gone farther west, but came back to bid me farewell, and convey any message to friends."

"Feeling that no one there cared for me, I sent none, and he soon left. That was the last I knew of him, till meeting him here."

"What made you come back again?" asked Mrs. Scott, who had been intensely interested in this recital."

"A longing to see the spot where Madge slept possessed me, and I came."

Then, in a concise manner, he gave a sketch of the story Madge had been led to believe. "He very likely *did* 'detach' the charms from my watch-chain, but I was not dead then, and have come just in time to save a lifetime of woe."

"To forge that last letter from Terry! The villain! if ever I lay hands upon him!" and Walter's eyes blazed with indignation.

There was no probability, however, of any of them being troubled by Edwin Grey. He had left the city for an indefinite period, and did not seem likely to return.

Just one week afterward there was a gay bridal at Scott's. Not a quiet one, as Madge once wished; nor did she wear the travelling suit of gray, but the pearly satin and orange-flowers she had refused to think of before. Altogether it was a joyous affair, and the people wondered when they saw Madge so changed from the quiet, queenly girl into the lovely bride. Some could not understand. It looked very mysterious; but no explanations were given, beyond, "That a long-lost lover had returned, and she was very happy." A brown-stone mansion was occupied, but not by Mr. Grey and his wife.

When the evening shades have fallen over the city, and night in her starry robe is brooding like a gentle spirit over the world, we may see into the home of our friends; see them with love's greatest blessing, confidence and harmony. Walter, too, is there, with a brown-eyed maiden, who has promised to be his own before another year has rolled into the past.

The "P. Q." still flash in the fire-light, as Madge sits waiting and watching for the coming step. They will send out another wave of brightness when the door opens, and Madge springs to meet her husband. None know their meaning beyond the few members of the circle where Madge and Dwight first met.

Some six, wearing the mystic symbols, gathered to hear the words uttered which made them one; and as time goes by do they oftimes come again. One, two, perhaps, and sometimes six.

"Are these all of you?" Walter asked one day when a light blazed from the parlors, and Madge stood with her husband waiting the arrival of the train. "Only eight we are, bound together by ties which death cannot sever, six beside us. Loving and true we have been through the past years; loving and true we shall be to the bond, till earth knows us no more."


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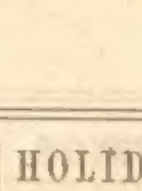

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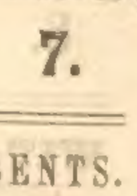

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is winning its silent victories, changing rebellious reds, grays and yellows into rich blacks and browns, and converting, in a moment, unsightliness into beauty.

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# WIT AND HUMOR.

### Railroad Graveyards.

A writer suggests in the New York Saturday Times that every railroad should be provided with its private graveyard, where its victims might be interred at the company's expense—a simple act of justice to surviving relatives. Appropriate epitaphs could be placed over the remains of the sufferers from each accident, stating that nobody was to blame, etc., as the following, for instance:

COW ON TRACK.

A bovine waif from the adjoining field
The track invaded and my fate she sealed;
By the cow-catcher caught, she flew skyhigh,
And so, dear friends, I hope at last shall I.

MISPLACED SWITCH.

A son of Erin, to the duty new,
And slightly tipsy, the wrong lever drew.
Thirty were killed, and here, in sweet repose,
They wait till Gabriel's warning whistle blows.
The Smashton Railroad Company with a sigh
Records their fate—but, ah! we all must die;
And as life's tracks all end in Death's abode,
Much those escape who take the shortest road.

OPEN DRAWBRIDGE.

"Drawbridge shut!" the signal said.
'Twasn't shut. Alas, how solemn!
Such is life! See list of dead
On the other side this column.

### A Legend of the Rhine.

The history of the Rhine from one end to the other is very simple. There are always two sisters who are in love with the same gentleman, who always goes to the Crusades and marries again, in spite of a baron who always locks one of the seven daughters in a castle, which is attacked, sacked, and razed to the ground by two brothers, both of whom also try the Crusades, then return, and both marry, or think of marrying, the same lady, who always settles the matter by jumping into the Rhine, where she makes whirlpools and attends weddings until she finally frightens some one else into marrying her. Some general idea of this kind acquired before starting, and then associated with every ruin, will be found most useful. It is the kind of impression retained after carefully following a good guide-book for fourteen hours, and saves all the trouble.

### Object Teaching.

"First class in Philosophy of Common Things come up and recite. John, how many legs has a quadruped?"

"Six legs, sir."

"How do you make that out?"

"He has fore (four) legs in front and two behind, sir."

"Right. Now, Sam! Where does the sun rise?"

"In the east."

"Why does he rise in the east?"

"I suppose the (y)east makes him rise."

"Very good. Now, Jake, spell brandy with three letters."

"O d v" (eau de vie.)

"No. Next."

"B r and y."

"Right. All go to the head."

PUNCTUATION.—The following error in punctuation is a good illustration of the use of the comma. At a banquet, this toast was given:—

"Woman—without her, man is a brute."

The reporter had it printed:

"Woman—without her man, is a brute."

SPEAKING ENGLISH.—Two Dutchmen once got into a dispute about the English language, each one contending that he could command the best. They made a bet at length, and appointed a judge to decide between them, and accordingly they began:—"Vell, Chon," said the first, did it rain to-morrow?" "I shall tink it vash," said John. Wasn't that judge in a quandary?

A RICH petroleum worker, gaunt as a skeleton and ignorant as a hodman, went to an artist to have his portrait taken. "Will you have it taken in oil or water colors?" inquired the artist. "Ile, of course," replied he. "It comes to me more natural; and, besides, it makes me look some fatter."

A LADY on one occasion, travelling in a railway carriage, was much annoyed by a Cockney companion continually embellishing his conversation with "This 'ere" and "That 'air." A few moments afterward she quietly requested him to close the window, remarking, "This *car* is affected by that *air*."

### A Clever Mother.

The following anecdote may show to what shrewd devices English mothers resort to secure good matches for their daughters:

"Lady D——— had three children, a son and two daughters, whom she educated very carefully, and brought up under the strictest discipline. She married off her eldest daughter to her satisfaction; but the second one, though far more beautiful than her sister, was decidedly weak in her intellect; and when one of the most remarkable statesmen of the day began to pay her attention, her mother charged her to speak to him as little as possible, never to introduce a subject of conversation, but to follow his lead, and always listen with profound attention to what he said. This policy was successful, and the clever cabinet minister married a weak woman without knowing it."

FORCE OF HABIT.—There is an Eastern tale of a magician who discovered, by his incantation, that the philosopher's stone lay on the bed of a certain river, but was unable to determine its locality more definitely. He, therefore, strolled along the bank with a piece of iron, to which he applied successively all the pebbles he found. As one after another they produced no change in the metal, he flung them into the stream. At last he hit on the object of his search, and the iron became gold in his hand. But, alas! he had become so accustomed to the "touch and go" movement, that the real stone was involuntarily thrown into the river after the others, and lost to him forever. This story well allegorizes the fate of the coquette. She has tried and discarded so many hearts, that at length she throws away the right one, from pure force of habit.

SACRILEGE.

OMNIBUS-DRIVER (alluding to distinguished foreigner, who has just got down):—"I never could abide them French. Why, I knowed a gent as was over there during the revolutions, and what do you think, sir? Why, they ackshally made barricades of 'busses!!"

### Marriage Over the Water.

Now the French clergy exact that, before marrying a man, he shall come to confession; of which they give him a certificate, exactly as they would give a certificate of his baptism or burial, and they take advantage of the opportunity to put the most extraordinary questions respecting his previous ways and doings. It is not every nominally Catholic Frenchman who likes to pass this private examination; he therefore sends some fellow to personate him, who confesses what he pleases for a small remuneration, and brings back the required certificate. As soon, therefore, as our bridegroom has acquired the right to utter fibs to himself and his Maker, he convokes on satin paper all within his knowledge to be present at an act of hypocrisy. The party, after finishing at the Mairie, proceed, in all their finery, to the door of the church. The bride enters first in a cloud of white, nothing but white from head to foot, leaning on her father's arm, or, in default of father, on her paternal or maternal uncle's. The beadle comes to meet her at the door, with his baldric displayed on his manly chest, and conducts her majestically to the altar, striking the pavement with his cane. During the march, the organ plays an opera tune. The bridegroom follows the bride at the distance of a pace or two; and they bend the knee side by side on a *prie-dieu* made comfortable by a velvet cushion. The priest hurries through a musical mass; a bit of red cloth is stretched over the spouses' heads; the officiating minister makes a short mystical allocution, in which he compares the union of man and wife to the Saviour's union with the Church. The company then emigrates to the sacristy, where bride and bridegroom, relations, friends, acquaintances, kiss pell-mell, compliment, squeeze hands; and everybody retires making their remarks on the prettiness or plainness of the bride. And now you have before you a couple of human beings, still unbeknown the one to the other, united to all perpetuity! The maiden has changed her name; and, pale as death under her garland of orange-flowers, she tries to smile. The face of the world may change; what was once a wilderness may become a city; what was once a monarchy shall be to-morrow a republic; but when once that word of the Maire and that other word of the priest have fallen on a woman's head, in France, that woman wholly belongs henceforward to the Irrevocable. Whatever be the sort of man who leads her by the hand to his home, whatever he do, she must follow him, in France, to the very last breath. Her only resource, her only refuge from him, is the grave. She has written on her door the word which ought only to be written on the gate of the cemetery.—*London Society.*

CHANGE OF OPINION.—Sir James McIntosh invited Dr. Parr to take a drive in his gig. The horse became restive. "Gently, Jimmy," said the doctor, "don't irritate him; always soothe your horse, Jimmy. You'll do better without me. Let me down, Jimmy." Once on terra firma the doctor's view of the case was changed. "Now, Jimmy, touch him up. Never let a horse get the better of you. Touch him up, conquer him, don't spare him—I'll walk back."

# AGRICULTURAL.

### Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

VEGETABLE VIGOR.

There is that handsome, thrifty, sturdy young fellow of a scarlet maple standing square in front of the window by which we are writing this notice of the young upstart, and so close to it that he reaches out his slender scarlet fingers and dallies with the panes lovingly, with every breeze that stirs his branches.

We have been watching the thrift and *excelsior* energy of the ambitious young maple this whole year—and the lesson we have learned from his whispered teachings, seems worth communicating to careless, *treeless* farmers.

One year ago, this present December day, the head of our young maple friend out there just came up level with the middle bar of our second floor sash. He has done bravely since then. Being stationed on the north side of the house, rude old Boreas has given him an inclination our way, until his red head is in close contact with the red brick wall—or is it just possible that the social sapling has bent himself over voluntarily, seeking closer companionship with man? However that may be, our maple friend outside has gone up wonderfully in the world during this past year—getting his head quite above us second-story people. But it is his vegetable vigor that most instructs. Pushing up close to the wall as he was, the projecting brick cornice was much in his way, and being a straight-forward, determined fellow, he pushed the bricks up and out of the way with his head, though they were properly laid in strong mortar, and less than two years in position.

Is not the vigorous growth of our young wooden companion instructive? If planted in a mere sand-pit, growing up through a brick side walk, he is capable of adding to his stature and putting on wood as he has done this past year, can he not do just as well or a good deal better anywhere out in the broad free fields?"

Young farmers in all regions, where timber is already scarce and growing scarcer at what ought to be an alarming rate, you will find it a paying investment to plant out trees of all the hard wood, fast-growing sorts, for yourselves; and old farmers—be advised, please, and plant out trees for your children and children's children.

PROGRESS OF VINE CULTURE.

The time is not so remote in the past, but that a good many of us distinctly remember the many and often repeated asseverations of pomological *savans*, that these United States could never by any possibility become a vine-growing and wine-producing country, arguing whenever argument was called for, that the conditions of soil and climate in our country were such as, to preclude all such possibilities.

It was Longworth, of Cincinnati, and Dr. Underhill, of Croton Point, on the Hudson, that first gave to the fallacy so broad and popular a contradiction that it fell flat before established facts, and hushed the raven croakings of the old time wine and vine wise-acres for ever. Conversion to the easy possibility of growing vines, and producing wines quite equal to those of Europe generally—all other mountains in the way, dwindled to insignificant mole-hills, and the progress of vine growing has been probably more rapid than any other specialty ever embarked in by the people of this country, and they are always locomotive-like in every enterprize they undertake.

We have now growing vigorously all over the country, even as far north as the forty-second degree of latitude, vines, producing grapes equal in beauty and flavor to any that the vineyards of Europe ever gave to the palate of an epicure, and so soon as we shall have got our hands in by a little wholesome practice, we shall astonish the European *connoisseurs* who have always religiously believed that no other grape juice under heaven could ever equal their renowned Old Hockheimer, or the Royal Tokay of Hungary.

For several years we have been manufacturing in a moderate way wines fit for any Christian to drink, but of late the enterprise is assuming a wider range—in some instances putting on proportions that makes them respectable compared with the wine institutions of the Old World.

At Cooksville, Canada West, a vine-growing, wine-making company have now in full bearing forty acres of vigorous vines, and will add largely to the area of their vineyard the coming spring. They have constructed during this year, an out-door wine vault after the most approved plans of those of France, Spain, and Germany, fitted up with walled and arched recesses in two tiers, in which are already deposited over thirty butts of one thousand gallons capacity each, all filled with the produce of the past season's vintage. The company are building a wine vat, for next year's vintage that will eclipse the famous Old *Tun*, of Heidleberg, exceeding it in capacity by four thousand gallons—that of the Cooksville monster being *twenty-four thousand gallons.* A Red Sea of Canadian wine. What name will they give it?

From our own vine regions we have late information that a company has been inaugurated at Wheeling, West Virginia, with a capital of three hundred thousand dollars, for the purpose of grape growing and wine-making on an extensive scale. The company's vineyard is located near Martinsville, in Ohio, not far from Wheeling, and has already fifty acres in vines. The purpose of the company is to increase the area of their vine-land to a hundred and twenty-five or fifty acres.

With these extensive establishments in the full tide of successful operation, others will speedily spring into life and activity all over the country; good wine will, in a few years, become cheaper than bad rum; we shall gradually become a wine-drinking people, and in less than a quarter of a century from this date, a drunken vagabond among us will be as rare a sight as a white crow.

FARM MILLS.

The inundation of portable farm mills since the first one was introduced to the public, has only been equalled by those of churns and washing machines. So very many farmers have been seriously "sold" by what was warranted to be "just the thing" for grinding everything the farmer has to grind, that it is not a mite strange that intelligent farmers of the present day totally object to being sold again by any sort of a mill.

Now as a really good, portable mill is one of the undeniable necessities of every well-regulated farm, somebody ought to invent, put together and publish that universal desideratum. And another thing. As no farmer, whatever be his circumstances, will purchase adulterated, cracked bone, as coarse as chestnuts, at extravagant prices, provided he can procure dust or *flour* of bone, and as it is a poor policy for any farmer to purchase bone fertilizers, having cart-loads of bones "lying around loose" on his premises, if he can find an efficient, portable mill that will work up his old bones satisfactorily, and also do his other ordinary farm grinding,

This desideratum, the *Bogardus Bone Mill*, for sale, we think, by Paschall Morris, of Philadelphia, will accomplish better than any other machine ever invented. We have watched carefully the performance of four of the mills, and being an expert in that sort of machinery, we shall say honestly if we had bones and grain to grind, we would sooner pay $500 for one of those Bogardus mills, than $5 for any other we have any knowledge of.

It is compact, strong, and durable. A No. 2 mill, calculated for two-horse power, weighs about 600 pounds, costs $215, and will grind a barrel of *dust* out of any raw, unburned, or boiled bones in from twelve to twenty minutes. By changing grinding plates, which can be done in about five minutes, the mill will chop grain for feed, grind corn and cob together, and perform other valuable service.

By clubbing together, a community of farmers, living remote from mills and markets, could purchase one of these $215 size mills, manufacture all their old bones into capital dust, do up their grinding all round, and no one feel the outlay.

# RECEIPTS.

### Original.

COSSACK KIDNEYS.

Thus named from the fashion the Cossacks of the Don have of preparing them. I have been a Cossack these four years, and intend to remain such on the *kidney* question.

Take kidneys, either pigs, lambs' or calves'; first parboil ten minutes, then change the water and boil twenty. Cut the kidneys so that they can be opened like a clam or a hinged tobacco-box. Remove the interior skin, and scoop out a cavity of a table-spoonful capacity. Fill this with any composition stuffing you like best, pretty highly seasoned. Onions, if you are fond of them, are excellent as an ingredient. Close the kidney, stitch it together, and inclose it in a shortened crust, rolled out thin, just as you make apple-dumplings. Line a deep, dripping-pan with shortened crust, lay in the kidneys, and all in among them potatoes sliced thin, bits of sweet, fat pork cut like wafers; lay on any savory herbs you prefer—green parsley is best; nearly fill the pan with water, lay over a thin crust covering, and bake slowly an hour and a half. Kidneys "done up" thus are delicious.

MADELINE.

### Selected.

APPLE PIE.—Fill a pudding dish with pared and cored apples—the tart baking apple; fill each hole of the apple with good brown sugar; cut very thinly the oily part of the rind of two lemons; then cut it into narrow strips, and lay on the top of the apples; squeeze the juice of the lemons into a cup and add a little cold water; pour this over the apples, and sprinkle over more sugar, quite thickly; then cover the whole with a nice puff paste, and bake it rather slowly one hour; serve hot. Peaches are very nice done in the same way, with the stones left in and only pared, but no lemon, and very little water as they make their own juice.

BAKED APPLE DUMPLINGS.—Prepare a paste as for boiled dumplings; only instead of one large one, make several small ones; avoid lapping the paste, as much as possible, after the fruit is introduced; butter the pan in which they are baked, to prevent their sticking; lay the folded side down; bake three-quarters of an hour; serve hot; eaten with cream.

BAKED BLACKBERRY DUMPLINGS.—They are prepared precisely as the apple; cranberries are also very nice, only the cranberries must be partially stewed and cooled before putting into the paste. Peaches are very nice, prepared as the apples.

POTATO CRUST.—Boil six good-sized mealy white potatoes, pare and mash them through a colander; add a tea-cup of sweet cream, and a little salt; sift in just flour enough to make them stick and to roll out; work it as little as possible; if properly made this is an excellent paste; it must be rolled rather thicker than ordinary paste; it is excellent for pot-pie, or any kind of boiled dumplings. In boiling dumplings great care is necessary, first to have a nice stout cloth, which must be kept exclusively for the purpose, washed and well floured before the dumpling is put in, and tied tightly. The pot of water boiling when the pudding is put in, and a kettle of boiling water ready to renew it as the water evaporates, and not allowed to remain in the water a moment after it is cooked; served hot.

VOL AU VENT.—Roll off a nice puff paste, about the eighth of an inch in thickness; then with a tin cutter, the size of the dish intended to lay the pastry on, cut out an oblong shape; lay this on a baking plate with a sheet of white paper beneath the paste; rub the paste over with the yolk of an egg; then roll out another piece of paste an inch in thickness; cut this also with the cutter the same size as the other; lay this on the other piece of paste, then with a cutter two sizes smaller, press nearly through the two pieces of paste in the centre; be careful not to cut entirely through the bottom of the paste; rub the top with the yolk of an egg; bake it in a quick oven twenty minutes, a light brown color; when cooked take out very carefully the centre piece marked by the small cutter; keep the paste warm until ready for table; then fill in the centre with nicely fricasseed chicken hot, or stewed oysters, or nicely minced seasoned veal; then lay on the top piece, and serve hot.

# THE RIDDLER.

### Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 27 letters.
My 16, 17, 9, 27, 5, 3, is a person of royal blood.
My 7, 22, 15, 26, 20, 4, 14, 7, is one of the greatest Generals that the world has ever produced.
My 27, 9, 19, 3, is a town in Italy.
My 20, 3, 4, is one of the Generals in the late war.
My 21, 5, 3, 12, 25, 6, is a girl's name.
My 8, 23, 27, 1, 3, 4, 15, is an article in a soldier's outfit.
My 19, 14, 17, 7, 26, 10, 25, 18, 15, is a musical instrument.
My 27, 6, 25, 20, is an article used in the erection of a building.
My 8, 20, 6, 17, 3, 15, 19, 4, is a man's name.
My whole is one of the most important acts during the late Presidency. C. H. W. M.

### Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 22 letters.
My 21, 20, 6, is what drunkards are sometimes called.
My 18, 16, 15, is a liquor.
My 11, 5, 8, 9, is a measure for cloth.
My 19, 5, 4, 22, 7, 8, 14, is where horses and cows are sometimes kept.
My 19, 16, 5, 17, 20, is an instrument of music.
My 22, 2, 8, 3, 12, is one of the nine digits.
My 1, 10, 8, is made from pine.
My 2, 14, 5, 18, 3, 15, is what the sky is sometimes called.
My whole is a paper published in one of the eastern cities. T. M. D.
*Bible Lick, Ind.*

### Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is in speed, but not in run.
My second is in mirth, but not in fun.
My third is in weep, but not in sob.
My fourth is in paint, but not in daub.
My fifth is in hat, but not in cap.
My sixth is in sleep, but not in nap.
My seventh is in wren, but not in crow.
My eighth is in reap, but not in sow.
My ninth is in gold, but not in tin.
My tenth is in nose, but not in chin.
My eleventh is in run, but not in walk.
My twelfth is in laugh, but not in talk.
My thirteenth is in dull, but not in fine.
My fourteenth is in bear, but not in lion.
My fifteenth is in stove, but not in pan.
My whole was an American statesman.
S. H. G.

### Double Rebus.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A city of Belgium.
A small but famous island of the Mediterranean.
A large manufacturing town of Massachusetts.
A species of earth.
A large city of Portugal celebrated for its wines.
A western state.
My initials and finals form two colors.
*Cincinnati, O.* JOSEPH S. ROSS, JR.

### Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Required the axis of the maximum ellipse, that can be inscribed in a semi-ellipse whose base is 30 feet, and height 10 feet.
*Oil City, Pa.* WALTER SIVERLY.
☞ An answer is requested.

### Algebraical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A fish was caught whose tail weighed 18 pounds; his head weighed as much as his tail and half his body; and his body weighed as much as his head and tail together. What was the weight of the fish? W. G. T.
*Albany.*
☞ An answer is requested.

### Diophantine Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Required—the least integral cube number such, that the last four figures shall all be alike.
GILL BATES.
☞ An answer is requested.

### Conundrums.

☞ Why should the highest apple on a tree be a good one? Ans.—Because it's a tip-top apple.

☞ Why is the punishment of the birch practiced by some pedagogues? Ans.—Because they are of opinion that it makes dull boys *smart.*

☞ Which is the most profitable of all businesses? Ans.—The shoe, for every pair is soled before it is finished.

☞ Why is the emancipation of the Southern slaves like the shakes? Ans.—Because it's a *favor a ague* operation.

☞ Who are the best pen-holders? Ans.—Editors!

### Answers to Last.

HOLIDAY ENIGMA—A merry Christmas and a happy New Year to the editors of the Post. ENIGMA—Succotash. CHARADE—Cosmopolite. (Cause, Mow, Po, Light.) DOUBLE REBUS—Emerald and diamond. (Edward, Missouri, Ella, room, Arno, London, dad.)

Answer to question from Young's Algebra, published Oct. 7.

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Artemas Martin and Morgan Stevens.

A PERSON looking over the catalogue of professional gentleman of the bar, with his pencil wrote against the name of one of the bustling order: "Has been accused of possessing talents." Another seeing it, immediately wrote under: "Has been tried and acquitted."